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~ the Original & Complete Works of ~
SELECT BRITISH POETS,
or *Entertaining Poetical Library*,
containing the most Esteemed
Poetic Productions
Superbly Embellished



Drawn by J. Corbould Engraved by W. H. Anderson for C. Cooke Nov. 1799.
Kathrin & Sir Martin in the Bower. Vide Sir Martin. Canto I. Page 103. line 211.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM MICKLE.
WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

Yet how sublime, O bard, the dread behest,
The awful trust to thee by Heaven assign'd!
'Tis thine to humanise the savage breast,
And form in virtue's mould the youthful mind;
Where lurks the latent spark of generous kind,
'Tis thine to bid the dormant ember blaze:
Heroic rage with gentlest worth combin'd,
Wide through the land thy forming power displays.

On the Neglect of Poetry.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

London :

Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoster Row,
And sold by all the Booksellers in
Great Britain and
Ireland.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM MICKLE.

Containing his

POLLIO,
KNOWLEDGE, AN ODE.
HENGIST AND MEY,

THE SORCERESS,
ALMADA HILL,
SIR MARTYN,

&c. &c. &c.

O for that namlesse powre to strike mine eare,
That powre of charme by naiads once posselt,
Melodious Mulla! when, full oft whyleare,
Thy gliding murmurs soothd the gentle brest
Of haplesse spenser.

Sir Martin, Canto I.

London:
PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the direction of
G. COOKE.

LIFE OF MICKLE.

IN collecting the materials which form the basis of our account of the life and writings of the British Bard whose poetical works we now present to the public, recourse has been had to the European Magazine, which contains many interesting particulars, from the pen of an ingenious writer, who, from his intimacy with our author, has a just claim to the sanction of authenticity. To these some circumstances have been added, as inserted in the anecdotes of his life, prefixed to an edition of his poems in quarto, and comprising his correspondence with George Lord Lyttleton, a nobleman equally admired for his virtues and his talents.

William Julius Mickle was the third son of the Reverend Alexander Mickle, a presbyterian minister, much respected for his piety and learning, who, during his residence in London, was honoured with the friendship of the venerable Dr. Isaac Watts, and by him recommended as one of the translators of Bailey's Dictionary.

His father left London in the year 1716, to take possession of a living at Langholm in Dumfrieshire, in Scotland, presented him by his Majesty George the first, and about the same time, married the daughter of Mr. Thomas Henderson of Ploughlands, near Edinburgh, by whom he had seven children. William, the subject of these memoirs, was born at Langholm, September the 29th 1734. He was initiated in his classical learning by his father, on whose demise he removed to Edinburgh, and was taken under the protection of a relative, an eminent brewer, who placed him in the High-School of that city.

Though he gave evident tokens of a poetical genius in early life, it appears, from his own declaration, that he had no propensity to books till he had attained to the age of thirteen, when, fortunately, looking into Spenser's "Faery Queene," he was instantaneously struck with the picturesque descriptions of that much admired ancient bard, and powerfully incited to imitate his manner of writing. At sixteen he left the High-School, and, being designed for trade, was placed in the counting-house of his relative, the brewer, where he continued five years, and then commenced business for himself. But the result, as in numberless instances preceding and subsequent, proved that poetical and commercial pursuits are incompatible; for, though his connexions were so extensive, and his business so capital, that he stood first in the Excise list of brewers in

Edinburgh, he soon failed; having devoted those hours to study which should have been set apart for business: for such was his propensity to poetry, as he frequently declared, that, before he was eighteen years of age, he had written two tragedies and half an epic poem, which, not meeting his approbation, were consigned to the flames.

Several of his juvenile productions were inserted in the "Scot's Magazine," one of which, entitled "On passing through the Parliament Close at Midnight," was reprinted in the second volume of Donaldson's "Collection of Original Poems by Scotch Gentlemen."

His ethic poem, entitled "Providence, or Arandus and Emilec," was published in 1762, but he derived from it neither emolument nor reputation, though, in consequence of its having been pronounced, by the critics, a languid, dull, unfinished performance, he made several attempts to correct and abridge it.

The little success with which his literary productions had been attended, induced him to leave Edinburgh, and repair to London, to solicit a commission in the marine service; but he wanted interest to enforce his application.

To procure the patronage of Lord Lyttleton, whose literary talents were then in the highest estimation, he had presented him with a copy of his "Providence," before he left Edinburgh, accompanied with a letter under the assumed signature of *William More*, in which he requested his comments on that production. His Lordship returning a very polite answer, brought on an epistolary correspondence between that nobleman and our author, who derived no other advantage from it than the honour of being ranked among his acquaintance, the instructions resulting from his criticisms on his productions, and the incitement of his sanction in the prosecution of his poetical studies.

He submitted to his lordship's perusal his "Pollio,—an elegiac Ode," "Knowledge, an Ode," and "Mary, Queen of Scots, an Elegy." The two last were considerably improved by his judicious corrections. "I have read," his lordship writes him, "with great pleasure, the very beautiful ode you did me the favour to send me. The correction of a few lines would make it as perfect as any thing of that kind in the English language."

The same nobleman writes our author, August 28, 1764, in terms as follow:

"The first of the two odes has all the merit that just sentiment, fine poetical imagery, elegant diction, and harmonious numbers, can give so trite a subject. There is,
also,

also, in some stanzas, a sublimity of thought and expression, which raises it above the ordinary pitch of mere descriptive poetry.

“As to the poem on the death of Mary Queen of Scots,” he adds, “I will not criticise any part of it; because I wholly disapprove the subject: poetry should not consecrate what history must condemn; and it is as certain as history can render any fact, that (besides her criminal amours with David Rizzio and Bothwell) she was an accomplice in the murder of the king her husband. Read Thuanus or Hume (who have written her history more truly than Robertson) and you will be inclined to pity, not to praise her; nor will Robertson himself, though he shades her crimes as much as possible, give you such an idea of her, as to make you think her a proper subject for the encomiums of a writer who means to serve the cause of virtue, not of party.”

In reply to his patron's letter, Mickle wrote the following:

“Though you have disapproved of the Ode on the Queen of Scots, I must think myself very happy in having shewn it to your lordship. Nothing was ever farther from my thoughts than to vindicate or deny her crimes; and if, while taken up with the subject, I have fallen into what might be looked on as endeavouring to give an amiable cast to her vices; now, when your lordship has been so good as to warn me of it, I can have no reluctance to suppress a piece that was merely a sport of fancy. That Buchanan, Knox, and others, have sometimes forgot the honour of the historian, and indulged the rancour of party, is pretty certain. This, with the greatness of her sufferings, (in some instances beyond what the most crooked policy could demand) pleads something in her favour, and it was this that misled me to think of writing an Ode on her death, without sufficiently weighing the propriety of the subject.

“I would fain take this opportunity,” he adds, “to mention the plan of a poem, which I have long had some thoughts of. The subject of it, if not the title, to be, ‘The Cave of Deism.’ Mr. Hume has asserted, that Mahometanism has been more salutary to the world than Christianity. And through all his works there runs a most disingenuous manner of blending revelations with the fopperies and sinister inventions of men; and in a variety of such ludicrous dresses, he would expose Christianity to the contempt of his reader. Such a conduct, with his shameless assertion that Polytheism was the first religion of mankind;

his

his malevolence of the Reformation; the nonsense he writes about miracles; together with such like sentiments, from other infidel writers, would furnish out a part or character for the Keeper or Genius of the Cave. The description of the gloomy cave itself, with the vices that shelter in it;—the genius of Mahometanism, with the finest countries lying in ruins behind her;—that of Popery, and that of genuine Christianity, introduced as personages, with some proper action, might, I should think, afford materials for a poem of five or six hundred lines, which would fall naturally enough into the manner of Spenser.”

Our author afterwards took occasion to state the nature of his pursuits, and the obstacles which retarded his progress, in a letter to Lord Lyttleton, dated April the 9th, 1765, of which the following is a copy.

“A situation that would enable me to cultivate the studies to which nature has led my inclination, was all the happiness I ever wished for; but any weak attempt I have made, has neither procured such, nor left much hope of it doing so. To write for the booksellers is what I never will do. Did my fortune enable me to do for myself in trade, I might expect some encouragement under Governor Johnstone, of West Florida, to whose family my father was related; but as I prefer going abroad to any thing I could expect in a counting-house in London, I think I have reason to hope that Major James Johnstone, brother to the Governor, will befriend me so far, as to procure me, if in his power, some settlement in the East or West Indies.”

“The risk of being cut off by the climate,” he adds, in another place, “would no wise deter me from going to Jamaica, did it otherwise appear as the most proper step I could take, in which case your lordship’s recommendation to Beckford, or Fuller, and mentioning me to your brother, the Governor, would be every thing I could wish.—But as your Lordship likewise mentioned the East-Indies, and, as next to a clerkship in some of the public offices at home, I should prefer going thither, so I should be very happy, could any thing be done in it. The company have many resident clerks, and various places to bestow, and, no doubt, your lordship’s interest with the directors would do a great deal.”

To this letter his lordship thus replied: “I can only say that I have no acquaintance with any of the East-India Directors; but if a recommendation to my brother will be of any service to you, I will give it in the manner I mentioned. I have not been able to see either Beckford or Fuller;

Fuller; but it will be time enough to speak to them some time next winter."

"On fuller information," he writes Lyttleton in return, "there is only one consideration that would make me prefer the East to the West-Indies, the returning to England within two years, were I to go Purser of an East-Indiaman; but as that is not my choice, my intentions must settle in the West, whither I shall go, as the best step I can take, with all convenient speed."

"In my last letter to my brother," Lyttleton writes him, Nov. 6, 1765, "I recommended you to him for his favour and countenance, as a man of fine sentiments, and good genius in poetry, if you should come to that island while he continues there. Wherever you go, I wish you health and happiness."

"Your Lordship's kindness," he writes Lyttleton in return, December 6, 1765, "in mentioning me to your brother, lays me under the greatest obligations; but as I would avoid the dangers attending an uncertainty, I some weeks ago accepted an offer of going as a merchant's clerk to Carolina."

Thus terminated the correspondence between the peer and the poet; from which, though the poet derived no other advantages than the correction of some of his works, and the sanction of his lordship's signature, as a recommendation, when he was little known in London; he exemplified a laudable instance of gratitude and liberality, which reflects great honour on his character, in speaking of him ever after in terms of the most profound respect and veneration. During the time of this correspondence, the poet assumed the additional name of *Julius*, styling himself *William Julius Mickle*. The cause of the adoption of this classical appellative is not known; but, from the fallibility of human nature, it might be imputed to vanity and ostentation.

Some incidents occurring which prevented his going to Carolina, to enter into the counting-house of a merchant, to whom he had been engaged as clerk; he diverted his thoughts from commercial concerns, had recourse to literature as a means of subsistence, and accepted of an appointment as corrector of the Clarendon press, in Oxford, in which he acquitted himself with the greatest credit, and evinced that letters were more congenial to his disposition than figures or mercantile pursuits.

During the remainder of his life, he devoted his time to the cultivation and exertion of his poetical talents, and produced a variety of pieces, in prose and verse, which
were

were, in general, well received by the public. The poem which laid the basis of his future fame was "Pollio, an elegiac Ode, written in the Wood near Roslin Castle," in 1762, on the death of his brother, and published in quarto, in 1765.

This ode was followed by "The Concubine, a Poem in two Cantos, in the manner of Spenser," published in quarto, in 1767, which, after running through three impressions, and receiving many important corrections and additions, was again presented to the public in 1777, under the title of "Sir Martyn;" the cause he alleges, in his introduction, for this change is, that the former title conveyed a very inadequate idea both of the subject and spirit of the poem. It appears that he had made theology his study, as, in 1769, he published "A Letter to Dr. Harwood, wherein some of his evasive Glosses, &c. in support of the Arian Heresy, contained in his Liberal Translation of the New Testament, are pointed out and confuted." This epistle was approved and censured according to the different opinions and tenets of the professors of the Christian religion, who ever have been, and ever will be, divided into numerous sects and parties, so long as fallibility is the inseparable lot of humanity, and every man cannot think alike on every subject that comes under his speculation and cognizance.

The favourable reception of his Elegiac Ode, and his Poem in two Cantos, induced him to publish, in 1770, three distinct productions: "Mary Queen of Scots, an Elegy;" "Knowledge, an Ode;" and "Hengist and Mey, a Ballad." As he had signified a desire to suppress the poem on the death of Mary Queen of Scots, in consequence of the disapprobation of his former patron Lord Lyttleton, he conceived it necessary, on its appearance, to obviate the objection adduced by his noble friend to his vindication of her character, for which purpose he affixed the following note to the conclusion of the elegy.

"Many elaborate attempts have been made to rescue the character of the beautiful but unfortunate Mary, from obloquy and reproach. The artifices of her insidious but inexorable rival, Elizabeth, have been clearly laid open by the masterly pen of Dr. Stuart. Elizabeth was undoubtedly the enemy of her fame, her fortune, and her life. Yet the conduct of the Queen of England may be considered as in a great measure justified by the alarming combinations of Mary and her abettors; by the general circumstances of the times, and of the two countries; and by the rebellious disposition of a considerable portion of her subjects, exasperated by the suppressed but malignant bigotry of the old superstition,

tion, and ready to seize every opportunity of disturbing the reign of their triumphant enemy."

Having opposed Dr. Harwood with some success in a theological disquisition on a former occasion, he published, in 1770, "Voltaire in the Shades, or Dialogues on the Deistical Controversy," in which he gave evident proofs of learning and genius, as well as a mind disposed to promote the most essential interests of mankind.

To add to the stipend he received as corrector of the Clarendon press, he frequently wrote Essays for the "Whitehall Evening Post;" but as economy is not a virtue generally attendant on genius, the produce of his labours united did not amount to what he deemed a competence; by which he was induced to extend his views, and conceive a design that might extend his income, and consequently render him more comfortable and happy.

In early life he had read, with great attention, Castéra's translation of the *Lusiad* of Camoens into French, and entertained a distant thought of attempting a version of it into English. He did not abandon the intention, though he had been precluded, by a variety of engagements, from the execution of it; till at length he formed the resolution of making an effort at the arduous task, and having previously acquired a competent knowledge of the Portuguese language, he entered upon it, and, through the utmost exertion of his abilities, published, in 1771, the first book, as a specimen of his talents for that department of literature. His friends approving this specimen, and encouraging him to proceed in an undertaking which augured so favourably at the commencement, he dismissed all other engagements, determined to devote all his time, and all his powers, to the accomplishment of a design, which afforded a rational prospect of conducing most essentially to his emolument as well as his reputation.

Pursuant to this determination, he left his residence at Oxford, and retired to a farm house at Forest Hill, where he applied himself with such unremitting assiduity to the accomplishment of his plan, that the translation, which had been sent to the press in stated portions, as he proceeded on it, was completed in 1775, and published under the title of "The *Lusiad*, or the Discovery of India, an Epic Poem, &c. 4to. Oxford; with an introduction, the History of the Discovery of India, the History of the Rise and Fall of the Portuguese Empire in the East, the Life of Camoens, a Dissertation on the *Lusiad*, and Observations upon Epic Poetry, and Notes and Illustrations, &c."

This arduous work made its appearance under many unfavourable

favourable circumstances. Sir Richard Fanshawe had published a translation of the *Lusiad* in 1655, but the style in which it was executed afforded a very imperfect display of the excellencies of the original. The language in which the poem was first written had seldom been cultivated by the muses: the author had attained no celebrity in this country, nor had the translator given any previous proof of ability for the undertaking.

In a letter to a friend, Jan. 22, 1776, he says, "Though my work is well received at Oxford, I will honestly own to you some things have hurt me. A few grammatical slips in the Introduction have been mentioned; and some things in the notes, about Virgil, Milton, and Homer, have been called the arrogance of criticism. But the greatest offence of all, is what I say of blank verse. My versification, however, receives a most general approbation."

In his Dissertation, after acknowledging his obligations to Mr. Magellans, and another Portuguese gentleman, Thomas Pearson, Esq. of the East India Company's service, for books and information; he adds; "The approbation expressed by several gentlemen of the East India Company, on the appearance of the poem on "the Discovery of India," gave the translator the greatest satisfaction. To Governor Johnstone, whose ancestors have been the hereditary patrons of the ancestors of the translator, he is under all the obligations which the warmest zeal to promote the success of his undertaking can possibly confer. To this gentleman, in a great measure, the appearance of the *Lusiad* in English is due. To the friendship of Mr. Hoole, the elegant translator of Tasso, he is peculiarly indebted. To James Boswell, Esq. he confesses many obligations. And while he thus recollects with pleasure the names of many gentlemen, from whom he has received assistance or encouragement, he is happy to be enabled to add Dr. Johnson to the number of those, whose kindness for the man, and good wishes for the translator, call for his sincerest gratitude. Nor must a tribute to the memory of Dr. Goldsmith be neglected.— He saw a part of this version; but he cannot now receive the thanks of the translator. The manner in which his Grace the Duke of Buccleugh took the English *Lusiad* under his patronage, infinitely enhanced the honour of his acceptance of the dedication."

In a letter to Mr. Boswell, preserved in his "Life of Dr. Johnson," he says, "Before publishing the *Lusiad*, I sent Mr. Hoole a proof of that part of the introduction in which I make mention of Dr. Johnson, yourself, and other well-wishers to the work, begging it might be shewn to Dr. Johnson.

Johnson. This was accordingly done, and in place of the simple mention of him, which I had made, he dictated to Mr. Hoole the sentence as it now stands. Dr. Johnson told me, in 1772, that about twenty years before that time, he himself had a design to translate the *Lusiad*, of the merit of which he spoke highly; but had been prevented by a number of other engagements." Dr. Johnson, it is said, afterwards recommended it to Goldsmith.

During the greater part of the five years which Mickle chiefly devoted to the translation of the *Lusiad*, he derived his sole support from the stipend he received from his employment as corrector of the Clarendon press; and when he gave up that engagement, he was circumscribed to the residue of the sum he had received from the subscription to his work. But though he was subject to all the inconveniences to which so poor a pittance must have exposed him, his mind soared above every difficulty; and, animated by the prospect of future fame, he pressed forward with a resolution so determined, as to obviate every obstacle that could impede his progress, or damp his ardour, in the prosecution of his design,

"When, after five years unremitting attention," says the writer of the *Anecdotes of his Life*, "he had completed this great work, those friends who knew his circumstances advised him to consider who would be the proper patron to whom he ought to dedicate such a poem. I am assured by one who lived with him in habits of great intimacy (the Rev. Mr. Sims, of Chenies, Bucks, formerly of St. Alban-Hall, Oxford), that Mr. Mickle had repeated intimations from unquestionable authority, informing him that, to several persons, then high in the India department, it would be very acceptable; that by the dedication of such a poem as the *Lusiad*, they would think themselves highly honoured; that he might depend on a princely acknowledgment: and they therefore advised him to think of the most worthy. This counsel he was at first inclined to, but the advice of Commodore Johnstone turned the scale, and it was dedicated to the Duke of Buccleugh."

"That he might omit," says the writer of the account of his life, in the *European Magazine*, "no prudential attentions to his future welfare; and, with the hopes of reaping those advantages which usually attend so laborious a work, he applied to a person of great rank, with whom his family had been connected, for permission to dedicate it to him. 'The manner,' says the author, 'in which ——— took the English *Lusiad* under his patronage, infinitely enhanced the honour of his acceptance.' The man-

ner, as the author frequently told his friends, was 'by a very polite letter written with his own hand.' But let not indigent genius, in future, place too much expectation on the generosity of patrons. After receiving a copy, for which an extraordinary price was paid for the binding, days, weeks, and months elapsed, without the slightest notice. During this time, though the author had too much spirit to solicit or complain, it is to be feared that some of the misery, so feelingly described by Spenser, fell to his lot.

"Full little knowest thou, that hast not tried,

"What hell it is in suing long to bide." &c.

"At length a gentleman of rank in the political world, a fast and firm friend to the author, and who afterwards took him under his protection, and by that means afforded him the independence he latterly enjoyed, waited on the patron, and heard, with the indignation and contempt it deserved, a declaration, that the work was then unread, but had been represented not to have the merit it had been first said to possess; and therefore nothing could be then done on the subject of his mission. This paltry evasion, the solicitor declared, he believed arose from the malicious insinuations of a certain person about the patron, whose mistakes had received a proper correction in the preface to the *Lusiad*.—We know not how true this suggestion may be, though, admitting the fact, it hardly alters the case. Mr. Mickle's account of this interview, in a letter to a friend, dated August 22, 1776, now lies before us, and we might probably do no disservice to the general interests of literature, were we to print it. We cannot, however, omit to suggest a doubt, whether there is not some small violation of moral rectitude, in a great man accepting from an indigent one that compliment which is offered him, under at least an implied agreement, to receive some acknowledgment in return for the honour done him? It ought not to be concealed, that when the second edition of the *Lusiad* was published, in 1778, Mickle was strongly recommended by a friend to suppress the dedication. His resentment at the unworthy treatment he had received had by this time been converted into contempt, and with great magnanimity, he refused. Whoever will read the life of Camoens, cannot avoid observing a striking similarity in the fortunes of the author, and his translator, and he will probably not be displeased at the concluding note of the *Lusiad*. "Similarity of condition, produced similarity of complaint and sentiment, in Spenser and Camoens: each was unworthily neglected by the Gothic grandees of his age; yet both their names will

will live when the remembrance of the courtiers who spurned them "shall sink beneath their mountain tombs."

"Oh may that man that hath the muses scorn'd,

"Alive, nor dead, be ever of a muse adorn'd."

"I believe," says the writer of the Anecdotes of his Life, "the person alluded to is Dr. Adam Smith, who was the professed admirer of Hume, to whom Mickle was a declared antagonist, and once intended to have written and published 'An Heroic Epistle from David Hume to Dr. Adam Smith,' (in which the Doctor and his pupil would have been rather harshly treated). Many of the verses, he, at the time, repeated to a particular friend; but the poem was never completed."

Such was the reception of Mickle's dedication of the *Lusiad*, according to the anecdotes, and the account of his life in the *European Magazine*; but the writers, in the warmth of their attachment to the author, have been betrayed into a want of candour, if not of decency, in their remarks, and seem not to have retained in their minds the important services which had been rendered to his father by the noble house of Buccleugh. The strength of reasoning with which Mickle combated the arguments relative to the British commerce in India, in the Dissertation prefixed to his *Lusiad*, which he calls "his favourite above all that he ever attempted in prose," might not be pleasing to Dr. Adam Smith, the author of "The Wealth of Nations," and strenuous opposer of the monopoly of the English East India Company. But it is highly improbable that the "Epic Poem of Commerce," a production deserving the sanction both of the philosopher and the statesman, should be regarded with indifference by a nobleman, as eminent for patriotism and philanthropy, as for dignity of birth and opulence of fortune, and whose liberal patronage of the arts and sciences had procured him the distinguished honours of presiding over the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and of having his name enrolled in the very respectable list of Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons in that city.

That he entertained anxious doubts of the success of his translation, is evident, from some remarks in the dissertation prefixed, reflecting on the poverty and misery in which Camoens, the author of the *Lusiad*, was suffered to drag through a wretched existence, which he concludes with some lines, in the manner of Spenser, on the "Neglect of Poetry," as inserted in our quotation from the account of his life in the *European Magazine*. But such was the merit of the poem, in point of adherence to the ideas of the

original, of fire, of fancy, and harmony of verification, that it obtained an applause beyond his most sanguine expectations, and totally dispelled the momentary apprehensions which had arisen in his mind from some disappointments he had experienced previous to the publication.

The first edition having a very rapid sale, he immediately prepared a second, with improvements, which was published with an etching presented to him by that very excellent artist Mr. Mortimer; in gratitude for which, Mickle, at his death, which happened in 1779, wrote an epitaph for him, which does equal honour to the poet and the artist.

Yet he was not entirely satisfied, either with the approbation or the emolument he derived from his translation, as appears from a letter to Thomas Caldecott, Esq. of the Middle Temple, one of his warmest patrons, who had rendered him important services while at Oxford, and had projected an edition of his works by subscription, for which he had printed proposals. In this letter Mickle makes the following remark:

“ Besides the necessity which urges to this scheme, I am very desirous of giving an edition of my works, on which I shall bestow the utmost attention. Except on very popular or temporary subjects, little or nothing is to be made of half crown publications, and this also inclines me to a quarto collection, which, perhaps, will be my final farewell to that blighted spot (worse than the most bleak mountains of Scotland), yclept Parnassus; for after this labour is finished, if Governor J. cannot, or does not, help me to a little independence, I will certainly bid adieu to Europe, to unhappy suspense, and, perhaps, also, to the chagrin of soul which I feel to accompany it.”

Before the appearance of the *Lusiad*, Mickle, at the persuasion of some friends, was induced to make an effort in dramatic poetry, and wrote a tragedy entitled “*The Siege of Marseilles*,” founded on a passage in the French History of the Reign of Francis I. when the Duke of Bourbon, at the head of an army of Spaniards, invaded his native country, and laid siege to the city of Marseilles. This tragedy, with the recommendation of some literary friends, was submitted to Mr. Garrick, who, after perusing it, acknowledged, in a letter to a friend, “that it contained many beautiful passages;” but remarked, “that fine writing was not of itself sufficient to constitute a drama for public exhibition.” Governor Johnstone, the warm friend and liberal patron of Mickle, unwilling that he should have taken so much pains without the least reward, solicited Mr. Home, author of *Douglas*, to revise the tragedy, and make

make such alterations as to him might seem necessary. Mr. Home readily complied with the colonel's request, and the piece, with the alterations, having been inspected by Mr. Warton, was again submitted to Garrick, and again rejected, at which the poet was so incensed, that he resolved to appeal to the judgment of the public, by printing it; and as soon as the first sheet came from the press, sent it to the manager. The reason he assigns for printing the tragedy is given in the preface to it; the motive to the latter is described in a letter to Mr. Hoole, dated November 15, 1773.

"I have just received a letter from Mr. Ballantyne, wherein he acquaints me, that you seemed sorry that Mr. Garrick had seen a proof sheet of the preface to my play.—Mr. B. also expresses his surprise how he should have obtained it, and supposed that some person who wished me ill had sent it, that he might be prepared to prejudice the public against me.

"The truth is, I sent it to him in a blank cover. Let him be prepared as he will. Half a year ago, I declared my resolution to my friend Mr. Boswell. He wrote me two earnest dissuasive letters; but in vain. I have maturely considered every circumstance; I have passed the Rubicon, and I will proceed. In a letter to Mr. Boswell, sent off only three days ago, I told him that I should look upon any farther dissuasive as thus, in plain English: 'What do you think the public will mind such a scribbler as you? No, my friend, take my advice, fold your hands together, submit to the infallibility of Mr. Garrick, and starve.' I have also cited the same sentence in a letter, now on the table, to Governor Johnstone. I have passed the Rubicon, I say; but I am not a Kenrick. No friend shall blush for me. I know what I owe to them, and to myself. If I am possessed of any satirical abilities, Mr. G. shall feel them. I have planned a new Dunciad, of which he is the hero. As soon as I finish the Lusiad, I will set about it. If you think proper, you may mention this in any company.'

Mickle, thus disappointed in his application to the monarch of Drury, was inclined to try the fate of his piece in the Edinburgh theatre, but was prevailed on, by the persuasion of his patron, Governor Johnstone, to lay it aside, till his translation was completed, that it might not impede his progress in a work the result of which was infinitely more important, both with respect to the advancement of his fame and fortune. When the Lusiad was finished, approved, and his reputation consequently enhanced, at the instance of a friend, he revised his tragedy, and submitted it to Mr. Harris, proprietor of Covent-

Garden theatre; but it met with the same fate as on the former occasions.

Thus repulsed, he abandoned all hope of emolument from the theatre, though he was afterwards prevailed on to permit a person to present the ill-fated play to Mr. Sheridan, who became one of the proprietors of the theatre, on the retirement of Mr. Garrick; but it was rejected by him on the same ground as by the other managers; yet, such was the attachment of the author to his favourite tho' discarded child, that he always avowed his resolution of printing and inserting it in the collection of his works. But the success with which his *Lusiad* was crowned contributed so essentially to enhance his fame in the literary world, as to compensate for the disappointment he met with in his expectation from the dramatic Muse.

He published, in 1779, a pamphlet, entitled, "A candid Examination of the Reasons for depriving the East-India Company of its Charter, contained in the History and Management of the East-India Company, from its Commencement to the present Time; together with Strictures on some of the Self-Contradictions, and historical Errors, of Dr. Adam Smith, in his Reasons for the Abolition of the said Company. 4to."

This production obtained him the favour and protection of many persons of opulence and influence, who were inclined to recommend him to the notice of his Majesty, as deserving of a pension. Dr. Lowth, Bishop of London, a prelate eminent for his learning and candour, from an approbation of his talents and general character, was inclined to admit him into orders, and promise him some provision in the church; but he declined the clerical profession, as not agreeable to his disposition.

During the time he was concerting the plan for publishing his works by subscription, from which, through the liberality and recommendation of his friends, he entertained sanguine hopes of deriving very considerable emolument; his patron, Governor Johnstone, who was appointed to the command of the Romney man of war, as well as Commodore of a squadron, offered to make him his secretary, in order that he might be entitled, according to rank, to share in such prizes as might be taken in the course of an intended cruise; but so scrupulously did he regard the forfeiture of his word, pledged to his friends, in his proposals for a subscription, that he could not be prevailed upon to accept the offer, till it was very pertinently suggested to him, that, by a new situation in life, he would enter upon new scenes, form new connexions, and extend his interest,

rest, so as to render the publication more acceptable to his subscribers, and profitable to himself. Convinced by these arguments, he engaged with the Commodore, and, on his arrival at Lisbon, was appointed joint agent for the prizes that might be taken. The reputation he had acquired by his translation of the *Lusiad*, procured him the esteem of the principal people in Lisbon and its environs, by whom he was honoured with every mark of respect and esteem, during a residence of more than six months.

He employed his vacant time, while he continued in this metropolis, in the composition of a poem, which he entitled "*Almada Hill, an Epistle from Lisbon*," and the collection of some materials for an account of the history, manners, and customs of the Portuguese; but as these materials were never arranged, the account could not be rendered sufficiently correct for publication. Through the interest of his patron, the commodore, and the reputation he had acquired as a man of letters, he had the honour of being admitted a member of the Royal Academy, under the presidency of one of the most illustrious characters of the age, Prince Don John of Braganza, Duke of Lafoens; who presented him with his own portrait, as a token of his esteem.

The Commodore, on his return from Lisbon, was appointed to the command of an expedition to the Cape of Good Hope; but as Mickle, who came with him to England, was, from the nature of his office, under a necessity of staying in London, to attend the proceedings in the courts of law, respecting the condemnation of some prizes, he could not accompany his patron; and this was his last foreign adventure.

In 1782, he published an ironical pamphlet in defence of Chatterton's title, which was agitated in the Rowleian controversy; the pamphlet was called "*The Prophecy of Queen Emma, an ancient Ballad, lately discovered, written by Johannes Turgottus, Prior of Darham, in the Reign of William Rufus; to which is added, by the Editor, an Account of the Discovery and Hints towards a Vindication of the Authenticity of the Poems of Ossian and Rowley, 8vo.*"

Having been enabled, by the fortune he acquired in the situation to which he had been appointed by his patron and steadfast friend, Commodore Johnstone, to retire to literary leisure with an independence, he married Miss Tomkins, daughter of the person with whom he resided at Forest Hill, during the Time he was engaged in the translation of the *Lusiad*, and took a house at Wheatlêy, a few miles from

from Oxford, where he passed his vacant time in the revision and correction of his poetical works, and particularly his favourite tragedy, in order to prepare them for an intended publication by subscription.

Mickle ever retained the highest sense of the very essential service rendered him by his friend Commodore Johnstone, and, on his demise, which happened on the 24th of May, 1787, testified his affection and esteem for his memory, in some elegiac verses, a copy of which he transmitted to Lord Rodney, requesting his opinion and correction of the first note. To which his lordship returned the following answer, dated Albemarle-street, May 16, 1788.

“ Nothing can give me more real pleasure, than the affection and gratitude shewn by you to the memory of our worthy friend George Johnstone. It is impossible for me not to approve of the verses of the translator of the *Lucretius*, which, without flattery, in my poor opinion, are equal, if not superior, to Pope’s translation of the *Iliad*. It is impossible not to be pleased with both. Both instil in our minds the glorious idea of doing our duty to our country, and that life without honour is a burden.

“ Your note, relative to the intelligence sent me in 1761, I think not full enough. The intelligence was of that consequence, that without it every Spanish province in the West-Indies had been prepared, as I did not receive orders from England till Martinique was taken, and I had failed to attack Domingo, in which time my cruizers had taken every Spanish packet that had sailed from Spain with the declaration of war. And the very day I received Mr. Johnstone’s dispatches, I sent them to Jamaica, desiring the governor to lay an embargo, and the admiral to seize all Spanish ships; which was done accordingly, and the Spanish governors were totally ignorant of the war, till Sir George Pococke and the British fleet came in sight, some months after, off the Havannah. Mr. Johnstone, therefore, may be properly said to have taken the Havannah.

“ With infinite pleasure I beg you will put me down as a subscriber to your works, and beg you will do me the honour of calling upon me when you come to town.”

He continued, during the remainder of his life, his attachment to literary pursuits, and, during the last seven years of it, sent occasional Essays to the “*European Magazine*,” composed a poem called “*The Fragments of Leo*,” and afforded considerable assistance to the Reviewers.

At the request of a friend, according to the statement in his life, in the before-mentioned Magazine, he wrote, in 1788, a song called “*Esldale Braes*,” in honour of the place

place of his birth, a country most beautifully Arcadian, in the centre of that district on the border of Scotland which is thus described by Dr. Percy, in his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry"—"Most of the finest old Scottish songs have the scene laid within twenty miles of England, which is indeed all poetic ground, green hills, remains of woods, and clear brooks. The pastoral scenes remain; of the rude chivalry of former ages, happily nothing remains but the ruins of the castles."

This song, in commemoration of a spot, in itself of little importance, but dignified by the birth of heroes, who have bled in defence of their country, and poets who have given new harmony to the language, was intended to be set to music by James Balmain, Esq. commissioner of the excise, and brother-in-law to Commodore Johnstone; so that we should have had an Eskdale song, written by a bard of Eskdale, and set to music by a native of the same place.

This was the last composition he lived to finish. After a short illness, he died at Wheatly in Oxfordshire, Oct. 25th 1789, in the 55th year of his age. He was buried at Wheatly. He left a son, with but a scanty provision; whom his executors, Francis Wastie, Esq. of Great Milton, Oxfordshire, and Mr. William Ballantyne, merchant, Savage Gardens, placed with the Rev. Mr. Nailor at Hammer-smith, to qualify him for admission, on the foundation of Winchester college.

His "Poems," including the pieces formerly printed separately, except "Providence," with the "Sorceress," and other original pieces, and the tragedy of the "Siege of Marseilles," were collected and published by subscription, in one volume 4to, 1794, with some "Anecdotes" of his life, "in which are comprised several letters from the late Lord Lyttleton," with the benevolent purpose of raising a sum to assist the education, and make some additional provision for his son. His poems, reprinted from the edition 1794, with his verses "on passing through the Parliament Close of Edinburgh, at Midnight" and some smaller pieces selected from the "Introduction to the Lusiad," and the "Anecdotes" of his life, were afterwards received into a collection of classical English poetry. His poem on "Providence," he himself thought too incorrect for republication. A copy of his "Prophecy of Queen Emma, &c." could not be obtained for publication.

On the following character of Mickle, given by the writer of the account of his life, in the "European Magazine," the writer of the anecdotes observes, "that having
known

known him intimately, and known him long, he thinks it strictly just."

"To those who are unacquainted with Mr. Mickle's writings, we need not point out the beauty, the strength, or the variety of his versification, the harmony of his numbers, and the vigour of his imagination. These are so apparent, that we risk nothing in declaring our opinion, that they must sooner or later force themselves into the notice of those who at present are strangers to them. Leaving his literary character, therefore, to find its own value, we shall confine ourselves to speak of him as a member of society. He was in every point of view a man of the utmost integrity, warm in his friendship, and indignant only against vice, irreligion or meanness. The compliment paid by Lord Lyttleton to Thomson, might be applied to him with the strictest truth; not a line is to be found in his works, which, dying, he would wish to blot. During the greatest part of his life, he endured the pressures of a narrow fortune without repining, never relaxing in his industry to acquire, by honest exertions, that independence which at length he enjoyed. He did not shine in conversation, nor would any person, from his appearance, have been able to form a favourable judgment of his talents. In every situation in which fortune placed him, he displayed an independent spirit, undebased by any meanness, and when his pecuniary circumstances made him, on one occasion, feel a disappointment with some force, he even then seemed more ashamed at his want of discernment of character, than concerned for his loss. He seemed to entertain, with reluctance, an opinion, that high birth could be united with a sordid mind. He had, however, the satisfaction of reflecting, that no extravagant panegyric had disgraced his pen. Contempt certainly came to his aid, though not soon; he wished to forget his credulity, and never after conversed on the subject by choice. To conclude: his foibles were but few, and those inoffensive; his virtues were many; and his genius was very considerable. He lived without reproach, and his memory will always be cherished by those who were acquainted with him."

From the foregoing representation, in which, though the writer, from a motive of friendship, has palliated the foibles of our author, it may be inferred that the general rectitude of his character entitled him to the highest respect and esteem. He was a zealous advocate for revealed religion, but it is much to be regretted that the prejudices he entertained against what is called free-thinking, which gave birth to his poem entitled "The Cave of Deism," should

should also have so far depreciated, in his esteem, the great merit of David Hume and Adam Smith, as to induce him to circulate, amongst his particular friends, a *jeu d'esprit*, which he called an *Heroic Epistle*, not merely censuring, but burlesquing, characters so venerable for their literary and philosophical attainments. To have menaced the English Roscius with a *Dunciad*, if he dared to refuse an indifferent tragedy, would admit of no excuse, were not the *genus irratabile vatium* notorious to a proverb.

As a poet Mickle claims a very respectable rank among our British bards, as appears from the following account of his writings, from the pen of an author of acknowledged literary talents.

"His versification is vigorous and manly, but not equally remarkable for correctness. It unites the freedom of Dryden with the force and harmony of Pope. The English *Lusiad* is a truly classical performance, and stands unrivalled by any production of the kind in our language, but the English *Iliad*. His "Sir Martyn," "Almada Hill," "Pollio," and "Mary Queen of Scots," if he had written nothing else, are sufficient to entitle him to a classical distinction among the poets of our nation.

His "Pollio, an Elegiac Ode," is characterised by genuine enthusiasm, vigour of thought, and natural expression. The description of Roslin Castle has dignity and characteristic propriety. There is likewise considerable merit in the description of the retreats where he had experienced, with his brother, the happy amusements of juvenile simplicity; which naturally renew his grief and complaints for his loss.

His "Sir Martyn, or the Progress of Dissipation," is the longest and most elaborate of his original poetical compositions. Among the numerous imitations of Spenser, it will not be easy to point out one that will so well bear a comparison with the original. It indicates a warm and fruitful imagination, with much taste. The design and spirit of the poem deserve great praise. After an invocation to the genius of Spenser, and the proposition of the subject, Sir Martyn's first attachment to his concubine, his levity, his love of pleasure and dissipation, with the influence over him which she assumes, are strikingly described. The effects of this influence are next exemplified in the different parts of his relative character; in his domestic elegance of park, garden, and house; in his unhappiness as a lover, a parent, a man of letters; in his behaviour as a master to his tenants, as a friend, and a brother; and in his feelings in his hours of retirement, as a man of birth and a patriot. The poem closes with

with an allegorical catastrophe. The reasons he gives in his preface for having adopted the manner of Spenser, are, "That the fullness and wantonness of description, the quaint simplicity, and, above all, the ludicrous, of which the antique phraseology and manner of Spenser are so happily and peculiarly susceptible, inclined him to esteem it, not only as the best, but the only mode of composition adapted to his subject." Though the relation between verse of Gothic structure, and the "Progress of Dissipation," may not generally be allowed, yet it cannot be denied, that the imitation is very successfully performed, with respect to the metre, the language, and the fiction. He has the same style of harmony, and the same spirit of enthusiasm, which distinguish the poetry of Spenser. His descriptions are equally copious and luxuriant, and are embellished with the same degree of imagery, and heightened by the same colourings of animated fancy.

His "Elegy on Mary Queen of Scots," evinces strong powers of imagination, a brilliant fancy, and sentimental feeling. The imagery is various and rich; the expression is, at the same time, beautiful and bold; and the sentiments are tender and interesting. They who think differently from him with respect to the character of Mary, must allow that her misfortunes are lamented, and her virtues and accomplishments are commended, in numbers equally harmonious and tender.

His "Knowledge, an Ode," is nervous and elegant, both in sentiment and expression; and though, by reason of its philosophical tenor, the descriptive part is less luxuriant, yet the colouring is not languid, nor are the descriptions inanimate.

His "Almada Hill, an Epistle from Lisbon," is very properly styled a Supplement to the English Lusiad, and well deserves to be adopted into the native language of the Portuguese Homer. He opens his epistle with a well-drawn picture of a joyless winter day in England, contrasted with the genial influence of a warmer clime. After hinting at what will probably be the cause of our political decay, he enters more immediately upon the subject of the poem, which abounds with local picturesque views by land and sea, and historical incidents, from the time of the Romans, to the great earthquake in 1755. The descriptive parts are, he tells us, strictly local, and they have every appearance of being truly characteristical and appropriate. The names of Viriatus, Sertorius, Lucan, Trajan, &c. are happily introduced. After cursorily pointing out the "mighty deeds the lofty hills of Spain of old have witnessed," he notices the
change

change of manners that has prevailed in consequence of the subversion of the Roman empire, by the irruption of the Goths and other northern tribes; and, though the causes he assigns for that peculiar character which has since marked each of the different divisions of Europe, may not be historically true, yet the ideas he has started on this subject are at least poetical and ingenious. The diseased chivalry of romance is contrasted with the chivalry of wisdom and honour, as he styles the religious fury of crusading, which many have imputed to the influence of his prejudices. The fall of Lisbon's *naval throne* occasions some boding thoughts on that of London. The naval glory of the Portuguese, during the time they first established themselves in Asia, and the fate of Gama, have their due place; with the massacre of the Moors at the taking of Lisbon, that of the Jews and Christians in 1505, the revolution that set the Duke of Braganza on the throne, a sublime description of the earthquake, &c. The Duke of Lafoens receives a high eulogium, in the conclusion, for his taste in the belles lettres, history, &c. The general poetical merit of the epistle is very considerable.—The sentiments may sometimes be thought exceptionable, but the versification is spirited and harmonious; though it would have been more so, had he less frequently made one verse run into another. In attempting bold innovations in language, he has, in some instances, violated metaphorical propriety. Of the peculiar advantages of the epistolary form of composition, he has not, perhaps, availed himself so much as he might have done; excepting at the commencement of the poem, he seems in great measure to have lost sight of the friend to whom it is addressed. He is, indeed, twice afterwards adverted to; but from the manner in which it is done, it seems as much with the view to fill up the measure of the verse, as to awaken and direct the attention to any striking object. The writer of epistles, if he wishes to make them as interesting as their nature will admit, should lose no opportunity of appealing, where it can prudently be done, to the feelings and sentiments of those to whom he is supposed to be addressing himself.

His “Hengist and Mey,” and “The Sorcerers,” are not inferior to the best imitations of the ancient heroic ballad. The Sorcerers is conceived with much fancy. It was written at the request of a friend, who possessed Mr. Mortimer's picture of “The Incantation,” as a story to the painting.—From this picture Dixon engraved a very fine print.

The elegant stanzas “On Mr. Servington,” were founded on an incident similar to that which he has made the groundwork of his Sir Martyn, and may be considered as a minia-

ture picture of the consequences of dissipation. The stanzas "On the Neglect of Poetry," are beautifully pathetic. Of his smaller pieces, the "Epitaph on Mr. Mortimer," is the most successful. In the "Stanzas to a Young Lady studious of Botany," he makes the *primrose* a flower which lingers to the winter season; on the contrary, it is, as its name denotes, an early production of the spring, and does not linger even to the approach of summer.

His "Eskdale Braes," he has thus characterised in a letter which he sent to a friend, with the song: "The ballad, indifferent as it is, has too much poetical expression, and is too clear of low nonsense and absurdity, ever to become popular."

"Of the "Lusiad," he is not only an able translator, but a spirited advocate. He has very judiciously prefaced his translation with a copious and satisfactory introduction to the history of the poem, and accompanied it with notes that were necessary to give it proper elucidation. The narrative is liberal and elegant, interspersed with many sensible observations, and just political reflections. In the critical part of his notes, he merits great praise; but he has sometimes exceeded the bounds of candour. The lively and ingenious, though inaccurate and ill-grounded criticisms and misrepresentations of Voltaire, respecting the "Lusiad," have drawn from his pen such severity of animadversion and reprehension, as seem scarcely justifiable, when occasioned by a difference chiefly affecting a point of taste. Voltaire admits the "Lusiad" to be a work justly deserving of a distinguished rank in epic poetry, a work abounding in beauties, and exhibiting also some striking defects. It is, as he affirms, a poem without a plan; without unity; without propriety; for the machinery exhibits an heterogeneous combination of Christian and Pagan mythology.—Vasco de Gama, the hero of the poem, for instance, prays to the God of Israel in a storm, and the goddess Venus comes to his relief, "But we are told," says Voltaire, "that the machinery is allegorical; thus Mars is clearly designed to represent Jesus Christ, and Venus the Virgin Mary. All this may be true, but I own I should not have suspected it." He is not satisfied with strenuously defending the propriety of this allegorical interpretation, and with stating the obvious answer to the objection respecting the unity of the action, but he recriminates upon Voltaire, and exposes him to contempt and detestation. In his analysis of the "Lusiad," he enters deep into the merits of the poem, and proves it possessed of all the spirit, and great component parts of the epic. The result of his examination of the machinery,

chinery and construction of the poem, on the principles of the Epopœa, will satisfy men of taste and elegant researches. Men of minuter studies, and sentiments less enlarged, may, indeed, cavil at what they think some deviation from the epic system; that system which scholastic formality and mechanical minds have drawn from those great archetypes, who themselves know no rule but the implicit pursuit of nature.

If we consider only the state of the Iberian poetry at, and even after, the time when Camoens wrote, we must look upon his “*Lusiad*” as a wonderful performance. He was the original poet of his country. He had not, like Tasso, a Dante to smooth his way, nor, like Milton, a Spenser. Around him all was obscurity, and even an affectation of obscurity. The Spaniards looked with the highest veneration on the writings of Balhazar Gracian, and Luis de Gongora, because they were abstracted and unintelligible. Even their great poet Lopez de Vega, wrote in the same strange enigmatical style; a whimsical heterogeneous mixture of the *enflure* of the French, and the *concetti* of the Italians, interwoven with the sombrous, but fantastic ground of the Morefca. When these defects of the national poetry are considered, those of Camoens, in particular, will be thought the more excusable, and his excellencies will do him the greater honour.

“Homer and Virgil,” says Mickle, “have been highly praised for their judgment in the choice of the subjects which interested their countrymen; and Statius has been as severely blamed for his uninteresting choice. But though the subject of Camoens be particularly interesting to his countrymen, it has also the peculiar happiness to be the poem of every trading nation. It is the epic poem of the birth of commerce. And in a particular manner the epic poem of whatever country has the control and possession of the commerce of India. An unexhausted fertility and variety of poetical description, an unparalleled elevation of sentiment, and a constant tenor of the grand simplicity of diction, complete the character of the *Lusiad* of Camoens; a poem which, though it has hitherto received from the public most unaccountable neglect, and from the critics most unmerited injustice, was yet better understood by the greatest poet of Italy. Tasso never did his judgment more credit than when he dreaded Camoens as a rival, or his generosity more honour, than when he addressed his elegant sonnet, ‘*Vasco le cui felici, &c.*’ to the hero of the *Lusiad*.”

Of the extraordinary talents of his illustrious contemporary, Tasso appears to have been perfectly sensible. Mon-

tesquieu in his "Spirit of Laws," has, with a degree of impartiality by no means peculiar to his character, allowed that the *Lusiad* unites the charms of the *Odyssey* with the magnificence of the *Æneid*; he might have added, with the majestic spirit and divine energy of the *Iliad*. The fire of the Mæonian bard glows in the eye of Camoens, while he bears upon his aspect the serene dignity of the Mantuan muse. But he not only unites the powers of composition that characterize the three ancient poems; he associates their different interests. The strong unconquered passions, the martial ardour, and stormy valour of the heroes at Troy, are powerfully represented in Gama's narrative of the *Lusians* and their wars. His piety, his tender attachment to his country, and affection for his prince, makes us feel every thing for him that we have felt for Virgil's hero; and whatever attention curiosity or concern the man,

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit—

could possibly excite in the reader, all these must be awakened in a more interesting manner by the author of the *Lusiad*. He subscribes to Voltaire's assertion, when he calls it *une nouvelle esp'ce d'Épopée*; but though the happiness of Camoens in the novelty of his subject must be acknowledged, yet it is certainly much in the manner and spirit of the *Odyssey*, the conduct of which he has omitted to analyse.

To the character of the *Lusiad*, as given by Mickle, every reader of taste will freely consent; and he has done himself the highest honour, in making his author live in the fulness of his spirit, and in all the strength, harmony, and beauty, of our heroic verse. The most delicate strain of gallantry, and the high spirit of Spanish honour, while in its unstained days, breathe throughout the *Lusiad*. Description riots, and the graces of imitative and sentimental harmony abound in every page. On the principal beauties of the poem, it is unnecessary to enlarge. The death of the beautiful Inez, an episode in the third book, is distinguished by a tenderness and sweetness of numbers. The battle of Aljubarota in the fourth, and the sea-storm in the sixth, are described in all the strength of rough nervous verse. The fiction of the apparition of the Cape of Tempests, in the fifth, in sublimity and awful grandeur of imagination, is perhaps unequalled in human composition. The description of the spectre, the awfulness of the prediction, and the horror that breathes through the whole, till the phantom is interrupted by Gama, are in the true spirit of the wild and grand terrific of an Homer or a Shakspeare. The numbers which relate the behaviour of Gama, while a prisoner in India, in the beginning of the ninth book, have a peculiar loftiness and grand simplicity; and

and the description of the Island of Love, in the same book, contains the most beautiful landscapes of rural painting, presented in successive scenes, in the softest and most melodious versification.*

* It is with no less concern than propriety to be observed, that, notwithstanding the epic powers of Camoens have received their due honour in our language, by the elegant and spirited translation of Mickle, and the subject being commercial, and therefore seeming so peculiarly calculated for Great Britain, the English *Lusiad* has not yet attained the celebrity it merits. But the time must come, when it will be universally read, and then it must be universally admired.



POLLIO.

AN ELEGIAC ODE.

Written in a Wood near Roslin Castle, 1762.

“ Hæc Jovem sentire deosque cunctos,
“ spem bonam certamque domum reporto.
Horat.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT has been often said that fiction is the most proper field for poetry. If it is always so, the writer of this little piece acknowledges it as a circumstance against him. The following ode was first suggested, and the ideas contained in it raised, on revisiting the ruins and woods that had been the scene of his early amusements with a deserving brother, who died in his twenty first year.



POLLIO.

THE peaceful evening breathes her balmy store,
The playful school-boys wanton o'er the green ;
Where spreading poplars shade the cottage door,
The villagers in rustic joy convene.

Amid the secret windings of the wood, 5
With solemn meditation let me stray ;
This is the hour, when, to the wise and good,
The heavenly maid repays the toils of day.

The river murmurs, and the breathing gale
Whispers the gently-waving boughs among ; 10
The star of evening glimmers o'er the dale,
And leads the silent host of heaven along.

How bright, emerging o'er yon broom-clad height,
The silver empress of the night appears !
Yon limpid pool reflects a stream of light, 15
And faintly in its breast the woodland bears.

The waters, tumbling o'er their rocky bed,
Solemn and constant, from yon dell resound ;
The lonely hearths blaze o'er the distant glade ;
The bat, low-wheeling, skims the dusky ground. 20

August and hoary, o'er the sloping dale,
The Gothic abbey rears its sculptur'd towers ;
Dull through the roofs resounds the whistling gale ;
Dark solitude among the pillars low'rs.

Where yon old trees bend o'er a place of graves, 25
And, solemn, shade a chapel's sad remains ;
Where yon skaith'd poplar through the window waves,
And, twining round, the hoary arch sustains :

There oft at dawn, as one forgot behind,
Who longs to follow, yet unknowing where, 30
Some hoary shepherd o'er his staff reclin'd,
Pores on the graves, and sighs a broken prayer.

High o'er the pines, that with their dark'ning shade
Surround yon craggy bank, the castle rears

Its crumbling turrets : still its towery head 35
A warlike mien, a fullen grandeur wears.

So, 'midst the snow of age, a boastful air
Still on the war-worn veteran's brow attends ;
Still his big bones his youthful prime declare,
Though trembling o'er the feeble crutch he bends. 40

While round the gates the dusky wall-flowers creep,
Where oft the knights the beauteous dames have led ;
Gone is the bower, the grot a ruin'd heap,
Where bays and ivy o'er the fragments spread.

'Twas here our fires, exulting from the fight, 45
Great in their bloody arms, march'd o'er the lea,
Eying their rescued fields with proud delight ;
Now lost to them ! and ah, how chang'd to me !

This bank, the river, and the fanning breeze,
The dear idea of my Pollio bring ; 50
So shone the moon through these soft-nodding trees,
When here we wander'd in the eves of spring.

When April's smiles the flowery lawn adorn,
And modest cowslips deck the streamlet's side :
When fragrant orchards to the roseate morn
Unfold their bloom, in heaven's own colours dy'd : 55

So fair a blossom gentle Pollio wore,
These were the emblems of his healthful mind ;
To him the letter'd page display'd its lore,
To him bright fancy all her wealth resign'd : 60

Him with her purest flames the muse endow'd,
Flames never to th' illiberal thought allied ;
The sacred sisters led where virtue glow'd
In all her charms ; he saw, he felt, and died.

Oh partner of my infant griefs and joys ! 65
Big with the scenes now past, my heart o'erflows,
Bids each endearment, fair as once, to rise,
And dwells luxurious on her melting woes.

Oft with the rising sun, when life was new,
Along the woodland have I roam'd with thee ; 70
Oft by the moon have brush'd the evening dew,
When all was fearless innocence and glee.

The fainted well where yon bleak hill declines,
Has oft been conscious of those happy hours ;
But now the hill, the river crown'd with pines, 75
And fainted well, have lost their cheering powers.

For thou art gone—my guide, my friend, oh where,
Where hast thou fled, and left me here behind !
My tenderest wish, my heart to thee was bare,
Oh, now cut off each passage to thy mind ! 80

How dreary is the gulf, how dark, how void,
The trackless shores that never were repast !
Dread separation ! on the depth untry'd
Hope falters, and the soul recoils aghast.

Wide round the spacious heavens I cast my eyes ; 85
And shall these stars glow with immortal fire,
Still shine the lifeless glories of the skies,
And could thy bright, thy living soul expire ?

Far be the thought—the pleasures most sublime,
The glow of friendship, and the virtuous tear, 90
The tow'ring wish that scorns the bounds of time,
Chill'd in this vale of death, but languish here.

So plant the vine on Norway's wint'ry land,
The languid stranger feebly buds and dies ;
Yet there's a clime where virtue shall expand 95
With godlike strength, beneath her native skies.

The lonely shepherd on the mountain's side,
With patience waits the rosy opening day ;
The mariner at midnight's darksome tide,
With cheerful hope expects the morning ray. 100

Thus I, on life's storm-beaten ocean tost,
In mental vision view the happy shore,
Where Pollio beckons to the peaceful coast,
Where fate and death divide the friends no more.

Oh that some kind, some pitying kindred shade, 105
Who now, perhaps, frequents this solemn grove,
Would tell the awful secrets of the dead,
And from my eyes the mortal film remove!

Vain is the wish—yet surely not in vain
Man's bosom glows with that celestial fire, 110
Which scorns earth's luxuries, which smiles at pain,
And wings his spirit with sublime desire.

To fan this spark of heaven, this ray divine,
Still, oh my soul! still be thy dear employ;
Still thus to wander through the shades be thine, 115
And swell thy breast with visionary joy.

So to the dark-brow'd wood, or sacred mount,
In ancient days the holy seers retir'd,
And, led in vision, drank at Siloe's fount,
While rising ecstasies their bosoms fir'd; 120

Restor'd creation bright before them rose,
The burning deserts smil'd as Eden's plains,
One friendly shade the wolf and lambkin chose,
The flowery mountains sung—"Messiah reigns!"

Though fainter raptures my cold breast inspire, 125
Yet let me oft frequent this solemn scene,
Oft to the abbey's shatter'd walls retire,
What time the moonshine dimly gleams between.

There, where the cross in hoary ruin nods,
And weeping yews o'ershade the letter'd stones, 130
While midnight silence wraps these drear abodes,
And soothes me wand'ring o'er my kindred bones.

Let kindled fancy view the glorious morn,
When from the bursting graves the just shall rise,
All nature smiling, and, by angels borne,
Messiah's cross far blazing o'er the skies. 136

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,

AN ELEGY.

Quod tibi vitæ fors detraxit
Fama adjiciet posthuma laudi;
Nostris longum tu dolor et honor.

THE balmy zephyrs o'er the woodland stray,
And gently stir the bosom of the lake:
The fawns that panting in the covert lay,
Now through the gloomy park their revels take.

Pale rise the rugged hills that skirt the north, 5
The wood glows yellow'd by the evening rays,
Silent and beauteous flows the silver Forth,
And Annan murmuring through the willows strays.

But, ah! what means this silence in the grove,
Where oft the wild notes sooth'd the love-sick boy?
Why cease in Mary's bower the songs of love? 11
The songs of love, of innocence, of joy!

When bright the lake reflects the setting ray,
The sportive virgins tread the flowery green;
Here by the moon full oft in cheerful May, 15
The merry bride-maids at the dance are seen.

But who these nymphs that through the copse appear
In robes of white adorn'd with violet blue?
Fondly with purple flowers they deck yon bier,
And wave in solemn pomp the boughs of yew. 20

Supreme in grief, her eye confus'd with woe,
Appears the lady of th' aerial train,
Tall as the sylvan goddesses of the bow,
And fair as she who wept Adonis slain.

Such was the pomp when Gilead's virgin band, 25
Wandering by Judah's flowery mountains, wept,
And with fair Iphis by the hallow'd strand
Of Siloe's brook a mournful Sabbath kept.

By the resplendent cross with thistles twin'd,
'Tis Mary's guardian genius lost in woe, 30
"Ah, say what deepest wrongs have thus combin'd
"To heave with restless sighs thy breast of snow?

- “ Oh stay, ye dryads, nor unfinish'd fly
“ Your solemn rites! here comes no foot profane ;
“ The muse's son, and hallow'd is his eye, 35
“ Implores your stay, implores to join the strain.
“ See from her cheek the glowing life blush flies !
“ Alas, what faultering sounds of woe be these !
“ Ye nymphs who fondly watch her languid eyes,
“ Oh say what music will her soul appease ! 40
“ Resound the solemn dirge,” the nymphs reply,
“ And let the turtles moan in Mary's bower ;
“ Let grief indulge her grand sublimity,
“ And melancholy wake her melting power.
“ For art has triumph'd---Art, that never stood 45
“ On honour's side, or generous transport knew,
“ Has dy'd its haggard hands in Mary's blood,
“ And o'er her fame has breath'd its blighting dew.
“ But come ye nymphs, ye woodland spirits come,
“ And with funereal flowers your tresses braid, 50
“ While in this hallowed bower we raise the tomb,
“ And consecrate the song to Mary's shade.
“ O sing what smiles her youthful morning wore,
“ Her's every charm, and every loveliest grace ;
“ When nature's happiest touch could add no more,
“ Heaven lent an angel's beauty to her face. 56
“ O! whether by the moss-grown bushy dell,
“ Where from the oak depends the mistletoe,
“ Where creeping ivy shades the druids' cell,
“ Where from the rock the gurgling waters flow ; 60
“ Or whether sportive o'er the cowslip beds,
“ You through the fairy dales of Teviot glide,
“ Or brush the primrose banks, while Cynthia sheds
“ Her silv'ry light o'er Esk's transcendent tide :
“ Hither, ye gentle guardians of the fair, 65
“ By virtue's tears, by weeping beauty, come ;
“ Unbind the festive robes, unbind the hair,
“ And wave the Cyprus bough at Mary's tomb.

“ And come, ye fleet magicians of the air,
 “ The mournful lady of the chorus cried ; 70
 “ Your airy tints of baleful hue prepare,
 “ And through this grove bid Mary’s fortunes glide :

“ And let the songs with solemn harpings join’d,
 “ And wailing notes, unfold the tale of woe !”
 She spoke, and waking through the breathing wind,
 From lyres unseen the solemn harpings flow. 76

The song began---“ How bright her early morn !
 “ What lasting joys her smiling fate portends !
 “ To wield the awful British sceptres born !
 “ And Gaul’s young heir her bridal-bed ascends. 80

“ See, round her bed, light floating on the air,
 “ The little loves their purple wings display ;
 “ When sudden, shrieking at the dismal glare
 “ Of funeral torches, far they speed away.

“ Far with the loves each blissful omen speeds, 85
 “ Her eighteenth April hears her widow’d moan,
 “ The bridal bed the sable hearse succeeds,
 “ And struggling factions shake her native throne.

“ No more a goddess in the swimming dance,
 “ May’st thou, O queen ! thy lovely form display ; 90
 “ No more thy beauty reign the charm of France,
 “ Nor in Versailles’ proud bowers outshine the day.

“ For the cold north the trembling sails are spread ;
 “ Ah, what drear horrors gliding through thy breast !
 “ While from thy weeping eyes fair Gallia fled, 95
 “ Thy future woes in boding sighs confess* !

* The unhappy Mary, in her infancy, was sent to France, to the care of her mother’s family, the house of Guise. The French court was at that time the gayest and most gallant of Europe. Here the princess of Scotland was educated with all the distinction due to her high rank ; and, as soon as years would allow, she was married to the Dauphin, afterwards Francis ; and on the death of this monarch, which closed a short reign, the politics of the house of Guise required the return of the young queen to Scotland. She left France with tears and the utmost reluctance ; and, on her landing in her native kingdom, the different appearance of the country awakened all her regret, and affected her with a melancholy which seemed to forebode her future misfortunes.

"A nation stern and stubborn to command,
 "And now convuls'd with faction's fiercest rage,
 "Commits its sceptre to thy gentle hand,
 "And asks a bridle from thy tender age." 100

As weeping thus they sung, the omens rose,
 Her native shore receives the mournful queen;
 November wind o'er the bare landscape blows,
 In hazy gloom the sea-wave skirts the scene.

The house of Holy Rood, in fullen state, 105
 Bleak in the shade of rude pil'd rocks appears;
 Cold on the mountain's side, the type of fate,
 Its shatter'd walls a Romish chapel rears.

No nodding grove here waves the sheltering bough;
 O'er the dark vale, prophetic of her reign, 110
 Beneath the carving mountain's craggy brow
 The dreary echoes to the gales complain:

Beneath the gloomy clouds of rolling smoke,
 The high pil'd city rears her Gothic towers;
 The stern brow'd castle, from his lofty rock, 115
 Looks scornful down, and fix'd defiance lours.*

Domestic bliss, that dear, that sovereign joy,
 Far from her heart was seen to speed away;
 Strait dark brow'd factions entering in, destroy
 The seeds of peace, and mark her for their prey. 120

No more by moon-shine to the nuptial bower
 Her Francis comes, by love's soft fetters led;
 Far other spouse now wakes her midnight hour,†
 Enrag'd, and reeking from the harlot's bed.

"Ah! draw the veil!" shrill trembles through the air:
 The veil was drawn—but darker scenes arose, 126

* These circumstances, descriptive of the environs of Holy-Rood-House, are local; yet, however dreary the unimproved November view may appear, the connoisseur in gardening will perceive, that plantation and the efforts of art could easily convert the prospect into an agreeable and most romantic summer landscape.

† Lord Darnley, the handsomest man of his age, but a worthless debauchee of no abilities.

Another * nuptial couch the fates prepare,
The baleful teeming source of deeper woes.

The bridal torch her evil angel wav'd,
Far from the couch offended Prudence fled; 130
Of deepest crimes deceitful Faction rav'd,
And rous'd her trembling from the fatal bed.

The hinds are seen in arms, and glittering spears,
Instead of crooks, the Grampian shepherds wield;
Fanatic rage the ploughman's visage wears, 135
And red with slaughter lies the harvest field,

From Borthwick field, deserted and forlorn,
The beauteous queen all tears is seen to fly;
Now† through the streets a weeping captive borne,
Her woe the triumph of the vulgar eye. 140

Again the vision shifts the woeful scene;
Again forlorn from rebel arms she flies,
And, unsuspecting, on a sister queen,
The lovely, injur'd fugitive relies.

When wisdom, baffled, owns th' attempt in vain, 145
Heaven oft delights to set the virtuous free;
Some friend appears and breaks affliction's chain:
But ah, no generous friend appears for thee.

A prison's ghastly walls and grated cells
Deform'd the airy scenery as it past; 150
The haunt where listless Melancholy dwells,
Where every genial feeling sinks aghast.

No female eye her sickly bed to tend!
" Ah cease to tell it in the female ear!
" A woman's stern command! a proffer'd friend! 155
" Oh generous passion, peace, forbear, forbear!

* Her marriage with the Earl of Bothwell, an unprincipled politician of great address.

† When she was brought prisoner through the streets of Edinburgh, she suffered almost every indignity which an outrageous mob could offer. Her person was bedaubed with mire, and her ear insulted with every term of vulgar abuse. Even Buchanan seems to drop a tear when he relates these circumstances.

" And could, oh Tudor! could thy heart retain
 " No softening thought of what thy woes had been;
 " When thou, the heir of England's crown, in vain
 " Didst sue the mercy of a tyrant queen? 160

" And could no pang from tender memory wake,
 " And feel those woes that once had been thine own;
 " No pleading tear to drop for Mary's sake,
 " For Mary's sake, the heir of England's throne?

" Alas! no pleading touch thy memory knew, 165
 " Dry'd were the tears which for thyself had flow'd;
 " Dark politics alone engag'd thy view;
 " With female jealousy thy bosom glow'd.

" And say, did Wisdom own thy stern command?
 " Did Honour wave his banner o'er the deed? 170
 " Ah---Mary's fate thy name shall ever brand,
 " And ever o'er her woes shall Pity bleed.

" The babe that prattled on his nurse's knee,
 " When first thy woeful captive hours began,
 " Ere heaven, oh hapless Mary, set thee free, 175
 " That babe to battle march'd in arms---a man."

An awful pause ensues---with speaking eyes,
 And hands half-rais'd, the guardian wood-nymphs wait;
 While slow and sad the airy scenes arise,
 Stain'd with the last deep woes of Mary's fate. 180

With dreary black hung round the hall appears,
 The thirsty saw-dust strews the marble floor,
 Blue gleams the ax, the block its shoulders rears,
 And pikes and halberds guard the iron door.

The clouded moon her dreary glimpses shed, 185
 And Mary's maids, a mournful train, pass by;
 Languid they walk, and pensive hang the head,
 And silent tears pace down from every eye.

Serene and nobly mild appears the queen;
 She smiles on Heaven, and bows the injur'd head: 190
 The ax is lifted—from the deathful scene
 The guardians turn'd, and all the picture fled---

It fled : the wood-nymphs o'er the distant lawn,
 As wrapt in vision, dart their earnest eyes ;
 So when the huntsman hears the rattling fawn, 195
 He stands impatient of the starting prize.

The sovereign dame her awful eye balls roll
 As Cuma's maid when by the God inspir'd,
 " The depth of ages to my sight unfold,"
 She cries, and Mary's meed my breast has fir'd. 200

" On Tudor's throne her sons shall ever reign,
 " Age after age shall see their flag unfurl'd,
 " With sovereign pride wherever roars the main,
 " Stream to the wind, and awe the trembling world.

" Nor Britain's sceptre shall they wield alone, 205
 " Age after age through length'ning time shall see
 " Her branching race on Europe's every throne,
 " And either India bend to them the knee.

" But Tudor, as a fruitless gourd, shall die ;
 " I see her death-scene on the lowly floor : 210
 " Dreary she sits, cold grief has glaz'd her eye,
 " And anguish gnaws her till she breathes no more."

But hark!--loud howling through the midnight gloom
 Faction is rous'd, and sends the baleful yell!
 Oh save, ye generous few, your Mary's tomb! 215
 Oh save her ashes from the baleful spell!

" And lo! where Time with brighten'd face serene
 " Points to yon far, but glorious opening sky ;
 " See Truth walk forth, majestic awful queen!
 " And Party's blackening mits before her fly. 220

" Falsehood unmask'd withdraws her ugly train,
 " And Mary's virtues all illustrious shine---
 " Yes, thou hast friends, the god-like and humane
 " Of latest ages, injur'd queen, are thine."*

* The author of this little poem, to the memory of an unhappy princess, is unwilling to enter into the controversy respecting her guilt or her innocence. Suffice it only to observe, that the following facts may be proved to demonstration:---The letters which have always been esteemed the principal proofs of Queen Mary's guilt, are forged. Buchanan, on whose authority Francis, and other historians, have condemned her, has falsified several cir-

The milky splendours of the dawning ray] 225
Now through the grove a trembling radiance shed;
With sprightly note the woodlark hail'd the day,
And with the moonshine all the vision fled. 228

circumstances of her history, and has cited against her public records which never existed, as has been lately proved to demonstration. And, to add no more, the treatment she received from her illustrious cousin was dictated by a policy truly Machiavelian---a policy which trampled on the obligations of honour, of humanity, and morality. From whence it may be inferred, that, to express the indignation at the cruel treatment of Mary, which history must ever inspire, and to drop a tear over her sufferings, is not unworthy of a writer who would appear in the cause of virtue.



KNOWLEDGE; AN ODE.

S. ANN. ÆT. AUCT. 18.

Ducit in errorem variorum ambage viarum. *Ovid.*

HIGH on a hill's green bosom laid,
At ease my careless fancy stray'd,
And o'er the landscape ran:
Reviv'd, what scenes the seasons show;
And weigh'd, what share of joy or woe
Is doom'd to toiling man.

5

The nibbling flocks around me bleat;
The oxen low beneath my feet,
Along the clover'd dale;
The golden sheaves the reapers bind,
The ploughman whistles near behind,
And breaks the new-mown vale.

10

“Hail knowledge! gift of heaven!” I cried,
“E'en all the gifts of heaven beside,
“Compar'd to thee how low!
“The blessings of the earth, and air
“The beasts of fold and forest share,
“But godlike beings know.

15

“How mean the short-liv'd joys of sense;
“But how sublime the excellence
“Of wisdom's sacred lore!
“In death's deep shades what nations lie,
“Yet still can Wisdom's piercing eye
“Their mighty deeds explore.

20

“She sees the little Spartan band,
“With great Leonidas, withstand
“The Asian world in arms;
“She hears the heav'nly sounds that hung
“On Homer's and on Plato's tongue,
“And glows at Tully's charms.

25

30

“The wonders of the spacious sky
“She penetrates with Newton's eye,

“ And marks the planets’ roll :
“ The human mind with Locke she scans,
“ With Cambray, virtue’s flame she fans,
“ And lifts to heaven the soul.

35

“ How matter takes ten thousand forms
“ Of metals, plants, of men and worms ;
“ She joys to trace with Boyle.
“ This life she deems an infant state,
“ A gleam, that bodes a life complete,
“ Beyond the mortal toil.

40

“ What numerous ills in life befall !
“ Yet wisdom learns to scorn them all,
“ And arms the breast with steel :
“ E’en death’s pale face no horror wears,
“ But ah ! what horrid pangs and fears
“ Unknowing wretches feel !

45.

“ That breast excels proud Ophir’s mines,
“ And fairer than the morning shines,
“ Where Wisdom’s treasures glow :
“ But ah ! how void yon peasant’s mind,
“ His thoughts how darken’d and confin’d,
“ Nor cares he more to know.

50

“ The last two tenants of the ground,
“ Of ancient times his history bound ;
“ Alas ! it scarce goes higher :
“ In vain to him is Maro’s strain,
“ And Shakspeare’s magic powers in vain ;
“ In vain is Milton’s fire.

55

60

“ Nor sun by day, nor stars by night,
“ Can give his soul the grand delight
“ To trace Almighty power :
“ His team thinks just as much as he
“ Of Nature’s vast variety,
“ In animal and flower.”

65

As thus I sung, a solemn sound
Accosts mine ear ; I look’d around,



I look'd around,
And lo! an ancient sage,
Hard by an ivy'd oak stood near,
That fence'd the cave where many a year,
Had been his hermitage.
Middle Vide Knowledge Line 08. Page 44.
Drawn by J. Thurston Engrav'd by A. Ravnbach.
C. Cooke. Dec. 01799.

And lo! an ancient sage,
Hard by an ivy'd oak stood near,
That fenc'd the cave, where many a year
Had been his hermitage.

70

His mantle grey flow'd loose behind,
His snowy beard wav'd to the wind,
And added solemn grace;
His broad bald front gave dignity,
Attention mark'd his lively eye,
And peace smil'd in his face.

75

He beckon'd with his wrinkled hand;
My ear was all at his command,
And thus the sage began:

80

"Godlike it is to know, I own;
"But oh! how little can be known,
"By poor short-sighted man.

"Go, mark the schools where letter'd pride,
"And star-crown'd science boastful guide,
"Display their fairest light;
"There, led by some pale meteor's ray,
"That leaves them oft, the sages stray,
"And grope in endless night.

85

90

"Of wisdom proud, yon sage exclaims,
"Virtue and vice are merely names,
"And changing every hour;
"Ashley, how loud in virtue's praise!
"Yet Ashley with a kiss betrays,
"And strips her of her dower.

95

"Hark, Bolingbroke his God arraigns;
"Hobbes smiles on vice; Descartes maintains
"A godless passive cause.
"See Bayle oft sily shifting round,
"Would fondly fix on sceptic ground,
"And change, O truth, thy laws!

100

"And what the joy this love bestows,
"Alas, no joy, no hope it knows

- “ Above what bestials claim: 105
“ To quench our noblest native fire,
“ That bids to nobler worlds aspire,
“ Is all its hope, its aim.
- “ Not Afric's wilds, nor Babel's waste,
“ Where Ignorance her tents hath plac'd, 110
“ More dismal scene display ;
“ A scene where Virtue sickening dies,
“ Where Vice to dark extinction flies,
“ And spurns the future day.
- “ Wisdom, you boast, to you is given ; 115
“ At night then mark the fires of heaven,
“ And let thy mind explore ;
“ Swift as the lightning let it fly,
“ From star to star, from sky to sky,
“ Still, still, are millions more. 120
- “ Th' immense ideas strike the soul
“ With pleasing horror, and control
“ Thy wisdom's empty boast,
“ What are they ?—Thou canst never say :
“ Then silent adoration pay, 125
“ And be in wonder lost.
- “ Say, how the self same roots produce
“ The wholesome food and poisonous juice ;
“ And adders balsams yield ;
“ How fierce the lurking tiger glares, 130
“ How mild the heifer with thee shares
“ The labours of the field ?
- “ Why growling to his den retires
“ The sullen pard, while joy inspires
“ Yon happy sportive lambs ? 135
“ Now scatter'd o'er the hill they stray,
“ Now weary of their gamb'ling play,
“ All single out their dams.
- “ Instinct directs—but what is that ?
“ Fond man, thou never canst say what : 140

“ Oh short thy searches fall !
“ By stumbling chance, and slow degrees,
“ The useful arts of men increase,
“ But this at once is all.

“ A trunk first floats along the deep, 145
“ Long ages still improve the ship,
“ Till she commands the shore ;
“ But never bird improv'd her nest,
“ Each all at once of powers possess,
“ Which ne'er can rise to more. 150

“ That down the steep the waters flow,
“ That weight descends, we see, we know,
“ But why, can ne'er explain ;
“ Then humbly weighing nature's laws,
“ To God's high will ascribe the cause, 155
“ And own thy wisdom vain.

“ For still the more thou know'st, the more
“ Shalt thou the vanity deplore
“ Of all thy soul can find,
“ This life a sickly woeful dream, 160
“ A burial of the soul will seem,
“ A palsy of the mind.

“ Though knowledge scorns the peasant's fear,
“ Alas, it points the secret spear
“ Of many a nameless woe. 165
“ Thy delicacy dips the dart
“ In rankling gall, and gives a smart
“ Beyond what he can know.

“ How happy then the simple mind
“ Of yon unknown and labouring hind, 170
“ Where all is smiling peace !
“ No thoughts of more exalted joy
“ His present bliss one hour destroy,
“ Nor rob one moment's ease.

“ The stings neglected merit feels, 175
“ The pangs the virtuous man conceals ;

“ When crush'd by wayward fate.

“ These are not found beneath his roof,

“ Against them all securely proof,

“ Heaven guards his humble state.

180

“ Knowledge or wealth to few are given,

“ But mark how just the ways of Heaven ;

“ True joy to all is free.

“ Nor wealth nor knowledge grant the boon

“ 'Tis thine, O conscience, thine alone,

“ It all belongs to thee.

185

“ Blest in thy smiles the shepherd lives,

“ Gay is his morn ; his evening gives

“ Content and sweet repose :

“ Without them—ever, ever cloy'd

“ To sage or chief, one weary void

“ Is all that life bestows.

190

“ Then would'st thou, mortal, rise divine,

“ Let innocence of soul be thine,

“ With active goodness join'd ;

“ My heart shall then confess thee blest,

“ And ever lively, joyful taste

“ The pleasures of the mind.”

195

So spake the sage : my heart reply'd,

“ How poor, how blind is human pride,

“ All joy how false and vain :

“ But that from conscious worth which flows,

“ Which gives the death-bed sweet repose,

“ And hopes an after reign.”

204



HENGIST AND MEY.

A BALLAD.

Hæc novimus esse nihil.

IN ancient days, when Arthur reign'd,
Sir Elmer had no peer;
And no young knight in all the land
The ladies lov'd so dear.

His sister Mey, the fairest maid
Of all the virgin train,
Won every heart at Arthur's court;
But all their love was vain.

In vain they lov'd, in vain they vow'd,
Her heart they could not move;
Yet, at the evening hour of prayer,
Her mind was lost in love.

The abbess saw—the abbess knew,
And urg'd her to explain;
“O name the gentle youth to me,
“And his consent I'll gain.”

Long urg'd, long tir'd, fair Mey reply'd,
“His name—how can I say?
“An angel from the fields above
“Has rapt my heart away.

“But once alas! and never more,
“His lovely form I spy'd;
“One evening by the sounding shore,
“All by the greenwood side.

“His eyes to mine the love confest,
“That glow'd with mildest grace;
“His courtly mien and purple vest
“Bespoke his princely race.

“But when he heard my brother's horn,
“Fast to his ships he fled;
“Yet, while I sleep, his graceful form
“Sill hovers round my bed.

E

5

10

15

20

25

30

" Sometimes, all clad in armour bright,
 " He shakes a warlike lance ;
 " And now, in courtly garments dight,
 " He leads the sprightly dance.

35

" His hair, as black as raven's wing ;
 " His skin—as Christmas snow ;
 " His cheeks outvie the blush of morn,
 " His lips like rose-buds glow.

40

" His limbs, his arms, his stature, shap'd
 " By nature's finest hand ;
 " His sparkling eyes declare him born
 " To love, and to command."

The live-long year fair Mey bemoan'd
 Her hopeless pining love :
 But when the balmy spring return'd,
 And summer cloth'd the grove ;

45

All round by pleasant Humber side
 The Saxon banners flew,
 And to Sir Elmer's castle gates
 The spearmen came in view.

50

Fair blush'd the morn, when Mey look'd o'er
 The castle walls so sheen ;
 And lo! the warlike Saxon youth
 Were sporting on the green.

55

There Hengist, Offa's eldest son,
 Lean'd on his burnish'd lance,
 And all the armed youth around
 Obey'd his manly glance.

60

His locks, as black as raven's wing,
 Adown his shoulders flow'd ;
 His cheeks outvy'd the blush of morn,
 His lips like rose-buds glow'd.

And soon the lovely form of Mey
 Has caught his piercing eyes ;
 He gives the sign, the bands retire,
 While big with love he sighs.

65

“ Oh thou, for whom I dar’d the seas,
 “ And came with peace or war!
 “ Oh, by that cross that veils thy breast,
 “ Relieve thy lover’s care!

70

“ For thee I’ll quit my father’s throne;
 “ With thee the wilds explore;
 “ Or with thee share the British crown;
 “ With thee the cross adore.”

75

Beneath the timorous virgin blush,
 With love’s soft warmth she glows;
 So, blushing through the dews of morn,
 Appears the opening rose.

80

’Twas now the hour of morning pray’r,
 When men their sins bewail,
 And Elmer heard King Arthur’s horn,
 Shrill sounding through the dale.

The pearly tears from Mey’s bright eyes,
 Like April dew-drops fell,
 When, with a parting dear embrace,
 Her brother bade farewell.

85

The cross with sparkling diamonds bright
 That veil’d the snowy breast,
 With prayers to Heaven her lily hands
 Have fix’d on Elmer’s vest.

90

Now, with five hundred bowmen true,
 He’s march’d across the plain;
 Till, with his gallant yeomandrie,
 He join’d King Arthur’s train.

95

Full forty thousand Saxon spears,
 Came glittering down the hill,
 And with their shouts and clang of arms
 The distant valleys fill.

100

Old Offa, dress’d in Odin’s garb,
 Assum’d the hoary god;
 And Hengist, like the warlike Thor,
 Before the horsemen rode.

With dreadful rage the combat burns, 105
The captains shout amain ;
And Elmer's tall victorious spear
Far glances o'er the plain.

To stop its course young Hengist flew,
Like lightning, o'er the field ; 110
And soon his eyes the well-known cross
On Elmer's vest beheld.

The flighted lover swell'd his breast,
His eyes shot living fire ;
And all his martial heat before 115
To this was mild desire.

On his imagin'd rival's front,
With whirlwind speed, he prest,
And glancing to the sun, his sword
Resounds on Elmer's crest. 120

The foe gave way, the princely youth
With heedless rage pursu'd,
Till trembling in his cloven helm
Sir Elmer's javelin stood.

He bow'd his head—slow dropt his spear ; 125
The reins slipt through his hand,
And, stain'd with blood—his stately corse
Lay breathless on the strand.

“ O bear me off,” Sir Elmer cried ;
“ Before my painful fight 130
“ The combat swims—yet Hengist's vest
“ I claim as victor's right.”

Brave Hengist's fall the Saxons saw,
And all in terror fled ;
The bowmen to his castle gates 135
The brave Sir Elmer led.

“ O wash my wounds, my sister dear ;
“ O pull this Saxon dart,
“ That, whizzing from young Hengist's arm,
“ Has almost pierc'd my heart.” 140

“ Yet in my hall his vest shall hang ;
 “ And Britons, yet unborn,
 “ Shall with the trophies of to-day
 “ Their solemn feasts adorn.”

All trembling Mey beheld the vest ;
 “ O Merlin !” loud she cried ;
 “ Thy words are true—my slaughter’d love
 “ Shall have a breathless bride !

“ Oh Elmer, Elmer, boast no more
 “ That low my Hengist lies !
 “ O Hengist, cruel was thine arm !
 “ My brother bleeds and dies !”

She spake—the roses left her cheeks,
 And life’s warm spirit fled :
 So nipt by winter’s withering blasts,
 The snow-drop bows the head.

Yet parting life one struggle gave,
 She lifts her languid eyes ;
 “ Return my Hengist, oh return,
 “ My slaughter’d love,” she cries.

“ Oh—still he lives—he smiles again,
 “ With all his grace he moves ;
 “ I come—I come where bow nor spear
 “ Shall more disturb our loves.”

She spake—she dy’d. The Saxon dart
 Was drawn from Elmer’s side,
 And thrice he call’d his sister Mey,
 And thrice he groan’d, and dy’d.

Where in the dale a moss-grown cross
 O’ershades an aged thorn,
 Sir Elmer’s and young Hengist’s corse
 Were by the spearmen borne.

And there, all clad in robes of white,
 With many a sigh and tear,
 The village maids to Hengist’s grave
 Did Mey’s fair body bear.

And there, at dawn and fall of day,
 All from the neighbouring groves
 The turtles wail, in widow'd notes,
 And sing their hapless loves.

180

THE SORCERESS;

OR, WOLFWOLD AND ULLA.

An Heroic Ballad.

-----"Prisca fides." *Virg.*

"OH, low he lies; his cold pale cheek
 "Lies lifeless on the clay;
 "Yet struggling hope—O day-spring break,
 "And lead me on my way.

"On Denmark's cruel bands, O Heaven!
 "Thy red-wing'd vengeance pour;
 "Before my Wolfwold's spear be driven—
 "O rise bright morning hour!"

5

Thus Ulla wail'd the fairest maid
 Of all the Saxon race;
 Thus Ulla wail'd, in nightly shade,
 While tears bedew'd her face.

10

When sudden o'er the fir-crown'd hill
 The full orb'd moon arose;
 And o'er the winding dale so still
 Her silver radiance flows.

15

No more could Ulla's fearful breast
 Her anxious care delay;
 But, deep with hope and fear impress,
 She holds the moonshine way.

20

She left the bow'r, and all alone
 She trac'd the dale so still;
 And sought the cave with rue o'ergrown,
 Beneath the fir-crown'd hill.

THE SORCERESS.

55

Black knares of blasted oak, embound
With hemlock, fenc'd the cell:
The dreary mouth, half under ground,
Yawn'd like the gate of hell.

25

Soon as the gloomy den she spy'd,
Cold horror shook her knee;
And hear, O prophets, she cry'd,
A princess sue to thee.

30

Aghast she stood! athwart the air
The dismal screech-owl flew;
The fillet round her auburn hair
Asunder burst in two.

35

Her robe of softest yellow glow'd
Beneath the moon's pale beam;
And o'er the ground, with yew-boughs strew'd,
Effus'd a golden gleam.

40

The golden gleam the sorceress spy'd,
As in her deepest cell,
At midnight's magic hour, she try'd
A tomb o'erpowering spell.

When from the cavern's dreary womb
Her groaning voice arose,
"O come, my daughter, fearless come,
"And fearless tell thy woes."

45

As shakes the bough of trembling leaf,
When whirlwinds sudden rise;
As stands aghast the warrior chief,
When his base army flies;

50

So shook, so stood, the beauteous maid,
When from the dreary den
A wrinkled hag came forth, array'd
In matted rags obscene.

55

Around her brows, with hemlock bound,
Loose hung her ash grey hair;
As from two dreary caves profound
Her blue flam'd eye-balls glare.

60

Her skin, of earthly red, appear'd
Clung round her shoulder bones,
Like wither'd bark, by lightning fear'd,
When loud the tempest groans.

A robe of squalid green and blue
Her ghostly length array'd,
A gaping rent full to the view
Her furrow'd ribs betray'd.

“ And tell, my daughter, fearless tell
“ What sorrow brought thee here?
“ So may my power thy cares expel,
“ And give thee sweetest cheer.”

“ O mistress of the powerful spell,
“ King Edric's daughter see,
“ Northumbria to my father fell,
“ And sorrow fell to me.

“ My virgin heart Lord Wolfwold won;
“ My father on him smil'd;
“ Soon as he gain'd Northumbria's throne
“ His pride the youth exil'd.

“ Stern Denmark's ravens o'er the seas
“ Their gloomy black wings spread,
“ And o'er Northumbria's hills and leas
“ Their dreadful squadrons sped.

“ Return brave Wolfwold, Edric cry'd,
“ O generous warrior hear,
“ My daughter's hand, thy willing bride,
“ Awaits thy conquering spear.

“ The banish'd youth in Scotland's court
“ Had past the weary year;
“ And soon he heard the glad report,
“ And soon he grasp'd his spear.

“ He left the Scottish dames to weep,
“ And wing'd with true love speed;
“ Nor day nor night he stopt to sleep,
“ And soon he cross'd the Tweed.

65

70

75

80

85

90

95

" With joyful voice and raptur'd eyes
 " He press'd my willing hand ;
 " I go, my fair, my love, he cries,
 " To guard thy father's land.

100

" By Edon's shore, in deathful fray,
 " The daring foe we meet ;
 " Ere three short days I trust to lay
 " My trophies at thy feet.

" Alas, alas, that time is o'er,
 " And three long days beside,
 " Yet not a word from Edon's shore
 " Has cheer'd his fearful bride.

105

" O mistress of the powerful spell,
 " His doubtful fate decide ;"—
 " And cease, my child, for all is well,"
 The grizly witch reply'd.

110

" Approach my cave, and where I place
 " The magic circle, stand,
 " And fear not ought of ghastly face
 " That glides beneath my wand."

115

The grizly witch's powerful charms
 Then reach'd the labouring moon,
 And cloudless at the dire alarms
 She shed her brightest noon.

120

The pale beam struggled through the shade,
 That black'd the caverns womb,
 And in the deepest nook betray'd
 An altar and a tomb.

Around the tomb, in mystic lore,
 Were forms of various mien,
 And efts and foul wing'd serpents bore
 The altar's base obscene.

125

Eyeless a huge and starv'd toad sat
 In corner murk aloof,
 And many a snake and famish'd bat
 Clung to the crevic'd roof.

130

A fox and vultures skeletons
A yawning rift betray'd;
And grappling still each others bones,
The strife of death display'd.

135

“ And now, my child, the forcerefs said,
“ Lord Wolfwold's father's grave
“ To me shall render up the dead,
“ And fend him to my cave.

140

“ His skeleton shall hear my spell,
“ And to the figur'd walls
“ His hand of bone shall point and tell
“ What fate his fon befalls.”

O cold down Ulla's snow-like face
The trembling sweat-drops fell,
And, borne by sprights of gliding pace,
The corse approach'd the cell.

145

And thrice the witch her magic wand
Wav'd o'er the skeleton;
And slowly, at the dread command,
Up rose the arm of bone.

150

A cloven shield, and broken spear,
The finger wander'd o'er,
Then rested on a sable bier,
Distain'd with drops of gore.

155

In ghastly writhes, her mouth so wide
And black the forcerefs throws;
“ And be those signs, my child,” she cries,
“ Fulfil'd on Wolfwold's foes.

160

“ A happier spell I now shall try;
“ Attend, my child, attend,
“ And mark what flames from altar high
“ And lowly floor ascend.

“ If of the rose's softest red
“ The blaze shines forth to view,
“ Then Wolfwold lives—but hell forbid
“ The glimmering flame of blue!”

165



Fair Ulla's knee upon the ground,
Her hands aloft were spread,
And ev'ry joint as marble bound,
Felt horrors darkest dread.

Vide the Sorceress Line 173. Page 59.

MICKLE'S POEMS.

Designed by J. Thornton. Engraved by C. Armstrong for C. Cooke Oct. 26. 1799.

The witch then rais'd her haggard arm,
And wav'd her wand on high;
And, while she spoke the mutter'd charm,
Dark lightning fill'd her eye.

170

Fair Ulla's knee swift smote the ground;
Her hands aloft were spread;
And every joint, as marble bound,
Felt horror's darkest dread.

175

Her lips, ere while so like the rose,
Were now as violet pale,
And, tumbling in convulsive throes,
Express'd o'erwhelming ail.

180

Her eyes, ere while so starry bright,
Where living lustre shone,
Were now transform'd to sightless white,
Like eyes of lifeless stone.

And soon the dreadful spell was o'er,
And glimmering to the view,
The quivering flame rose through the floor,
A flame of ghastly blue.

185

Behind the altar's livid fire,
Low from the inmost cave,
Young Wolfwold rose in pale attire,
The vestments of the grave.

190

His eye to Ulla's eye he rear'd,
His cheek was wan as clay,
And half cut through his hand appear'd
That beckon'd her way.

195

Fair Ulla saw the woeful shade,
Her heart struck at her side,
And burst—low bow'd her listless head,
And down she sunk, and dy'd.

200

STANZAS.

Addressed to a young Lady studious of Botany.

SAY, gentle lady of the bower,
For thou, though young, art wise,
And known to thee is every flower
Beneath our milder skies ;

Say, which the plant of modest dye,
And lovely mien combin'd,
That fittest to the pensive eye
Displays the virtuous mind.

I sought the groves where innocence
Methought might long reside ;
But April's blossoms banish'd thence,
Gave summer, Flora's pride.

I sought the garden's boasted haunt,
But on the gay parterre
Carnations glow, and tulips flaunt,
No humble flow'ret there.

The flower you seek, the nymph replies,
Has bow'd the languid head ;
For on its bloom the blazing skies
Their sultry rage have shed.

'Tis now the downward withering day,
Of winter's dull presage,
That seeks not where the dog-star's ray,
Has shed his fiercest rage.

Yet search yon shade, obscure forlorn
Where rude the bramble grows ;
There, shaded by the humble thorn,
The lingering primrose blows.

5

10

15

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25

ON THE NEGLECT OF POETRY.

FRAGMENT. IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER.

*From the Introduction to the English Lusiad.**

HENCE, vagrant minstrel, from my thriving farm,
Far hence, nor ween to shed thy poison here:
My hinds despise thy lyre's ignoble charm;
Seek in the floggard's bowers thy ill earn'd cheer:
There, while thy idle chaunting sooths thine ear, 5
The noxious thistle choaks their sickly corn;
Their apple boughs, ungraft'd sour wildings bear,
And o'er the ill-fenc'd dales, with fleeces torn,
Unguarded from the fox, their lambkins stray forlorn.

Such ruin withers the neglected soil, 10
When to the song the ill-starr'd swain attends.
And well thy meed repays thy worthless toil;
Upon thy houseless head pale Want descends
In bitter shower: and taunting Scorn still rends,
And wakes thee trembling from thy golden dream: 15
In vetchy bed, or loathly dungeon ends
Thy idled life——What fitter may beseem,
Who poisons thus the fount, should drink the poi-
son'd stream.

And is it thus, the heart-stung minstrel cry'd,
While Indignation shook his silver'd head; 20
And is it thus, the gross-fed lordling's pride,
And hind's base tongue the gentle bard upbraid!
And must the holy song be thus repaid
By sun-bask'd ignorance, and chorlish scorn!
While listless drooping in the languid shade 25
Of cold neglect, the sacred bard must mourn,
Though in his hallowed breast heaven's purest ar-
dours burn!

* A work which claims poetical merit, while its reputation is unestablished, is beheld, by the great majority, with a cold and a jealous eye. - The present age, indeed, is happily auspicious to science and the arts; but poetry is neither the general taste, nor the fashionable favourite of these times. Often, in the dispirited hour, have these views obtruded upon the translator. While he has left his author upon the table, and wandered in the fields, these views have clothed themselves, almost imperceptibly, in the stanza and allegory of Spenser.

Yet how sublime, O bard, the dread behest,
 The awful trust to thee by heaven assign'd!
 'Tis thine to humanise the savage breast, 30
 And form in virtue's mould the youthful mind;
 Where lurks the latent spark of generous kind,
 'Tis thine to bid the dormant ember blaze:
 Heroic rage with gentlest worth combin'd, 34
 Wide through the land thy forming power displays,
 So spread the olive boughs beneath Dan Phœbus rays.

When heaven decreed to soothe the feuds that tore
 The wolf-ey'd barons, whose unletter'd rage
 Spurn'd the fair muse; heaven bade on Avon's shore
 A Shakspeare rise, and sooth the barbarous age: 40
 A Shakspeare rose; the barbarous heats assuage——
 At distance due how many bards attend!
 Enlarg'd and liberal from the narrow cage
 Of blinded zeal, new manners wide extend, [scend.
 And o'er the generous breast the dew of heaven de-

And fits it you, ye sons of hallowed power, 46
 To hear, unmov'd, the tongue of scorn upbraid
 The muse, neglected in her wintry bower;
 While proudly flourishing in princely shade
 Her younger sisters lift the laurell'd head.—— 50
 And shall the pencil's boldest mimic rage,
 Or softest charms, foredoom'd in time to fade,
 Shall these be vaunted o'er th' immortal page,
 Where passion's living fires burn unimpair'd by age!

And shall the warbled strain, or sweetest lyre, 55
 Thrilling the palace roof at night's deep hour;
 And shall the nightingales in woodland choir
 The voice of heaven in sweeter raptures pour!
 Ah no! their song is transient as the flower
 Of April morn: in vain the shepherd boy 60
 Sits listening in the silent autumn bower;
 The year no more restores the short-lived joy;
 And never more his harp shall Orpheus' hands employ.

Eternal Silence in her cold deaf ear
 Has closed his strain; and deep eternal Night 65

Has o'er Apelles' tints, so bright while ere,
Drawn her blank curtains—never to the sight
More to be given—but cloath'd in heaven's own light,
Homer's bold painting shall immortal shine;
Wide o'er the world shall ever sound the might, 70
The raptur'd music of each deathless line:
For death nor time may touch their living soul divine.

And what the strain, though Perez swell the note,
High though its rapture, to the muse of fire!
Ah! what the transient sounds, devoid of thought, 75
To Shakspeare's flame of ever burning ire,
Or Milton's flood of mind, till time expire
Foredoom'd to flow; as heaven's dread energy
Unconscious of the bounds of place—— 79



ALMADA HILL.

AN EPISTLE FROM LISBON.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THOUGH no subjects are more proper for poetry than those which are founded upon historical retrospect, the author of such a poem lies under very particular disadvantages: every one can understand and relish a work merely fictitious, descriptive, or sentimental; but a previous acquaintance, and even intimacy, with the history and characters upon which the other poem is founded, is absolutely necessary to do justice to its author. Without such previous knowledge, the ideas which he would convey, pass unobserved, as in an unknown tongue; and the happiest allusion, if he is fortunate enough to attain any thing worthy of that name, is unfelt and unseen: Under these disadvantages, the following epistle is presented to the public, whose indulgence and candour the author has already amply experienced.

In the twelfth century, Lisbon, and great part of Portugal and Spain, were in possession of the Moors. Alphonso, the first king of Portugal, having gained several victories over that people, was laying siege to Lisbon, when Robert, Duke of Gloucester, on his way to the Holy Land, appeared upon the coast of that kingdom. As the cause was the same, Robert was easily persuaded to make his first crusade in Portugal. He demanded, that the storming of the castle of Lisbon, situated on a considerable hill, and whose ruins show it to have been of great strength, should be allotted to him, while Alphonso was to assail the walls and the city. Both leaders were successful; and Alphonso, among the rewards which he bestowed upon the English, granted to those who were wounded, or unable to proceed to Palestine, the castle of Almada, and the adjoining lands.

The river Tagus, below and opposite to Lisbon, is edged by steep grotesque rocks, particularly on the south side. Those on the south are generally higher and much more magnificent and picturesque than the Cliffs of Dover. Upon one of the highest of these, and directly opposite to Lisbon, remain the stately ruins of the castle of Almada.

In December 1779, as the author was wandering among these ruins, he was struck with the idea, and formed the plan of the following poem; an idea which, it may be allowed,

was natural to the translator of the *Lusiad*; and the plan may, in some degree, be called a supplement to that work.

The following poem, except the corrections and a few lines, was written in Portugal. The descriptive parts are strictly local. The finest prospect of Lisbon and the Tagus (which is there about four miles broad), is from Almada, which also commands the adjacent country, from the rock of Cintra to the castle and city of Palmela, an extent of above fifty miles. This magnificent view is completed by the extensive opening at the mouth of the Tagus, about ten miles below, which discovers the Atlantic Ocean.

AN EPISTLE FROM LISBON.

WHILE you, my friend, from low'ring wint'ry
plains,

Now pale with snows, now black with drizzling rains,
From leafless woodlands, and dishonour'd bowers,
Mantled by gloomy mists, or lash'd by showers
Of hollow moan, while not a struggling beam
Steals from the sun to play on Isis' stream; 5

While from these scenes by England's winter spread
Swift to the cheerful hearth your steps are led,
Pleas'd from the threat'ning tempest to retire,
And join the circle round the social fire; 10

In other climes through sun bask'd scenes I stray,
As the fair landscape leads my thoughtful way,
As upland path, oft winding, bids me rove
Where orange bowers invite, or olive grove,
No sullen phantoms brooding o'er my breast, 15
The genial influence of the clime I taste :

Yet still regardful of my native shore,
In every scene my roaming eyes explore,
Whate'er its aspect, still by mem'ry brought,
My fading country rushes on my thought. 20

While now perhaps the classic page you turn,
And warm'd with honest indignation burn,
Till hopeless, sicklied by the climate's gloom,
Your generous fears call forth Britannia's doom,
What hostile spears her sacred lawns invade, 25
By friends deserted, by her chief betray'd,

Low fall'n and vanquish'd!—I, with mind serene
 As Lisboa's sky, yet pensive as the scene
 Around, and pensive seems the scene to me,
 From other ills my country's fate foresee. 30

Not from the hands that wield Iberia's spear,
 Not from the hands that Gaul's proud thunders bear,
 Nor those that turn on Albion's breast the sword
 Beat down of late by Albion when it gor'd
 Their own, who impious doom their parents' fall 35
 Beneath the world's great foe th' insidious Gaul;
 Yes, not from these the immedicable wound
 Of Albion—Other is the bane profound
 Destin'd alone to touch her mortal part;
 Herself is sick and poisoned at the heart. 40

O'er Tago's banks where'er I roll mine eyes
 The gallant deeds of ancient days arise;
 The scenes the Lusian Muses fond display'd
 Before me oft, as oft at eve I stray'd
 By Isis' hallowed stream. Oft now the strand 45
 Where Gama march'd his death-devoted * band,
 While Lisboa aw'd with horror saw him spread
 The daring sails that first to India led;
 And oft Almada's castled steep inspires
 The pensive muse's visionary fires; 50
 Almada Hill to English memory dear,
 While shades of English heroes wander here!

To ancient English valour sacred still
 Remains, and ever shall, Almada Hill;
 The hill and lawns to English valour given 55
 What time the Arab Moors from Spain were driven,

* The expedition of Vasco de Gama, the discoverer of the East Indies, was extremely unpopular, as it was esteemed impracticable. His embarkation is strongly marked by Orosius the historian. Gama, before he went on board, spent the night along with the crews of his squadron, in the chapel of our Lady at Belem, on the spot where the noble Gothic church now stands adjoining the convent of St. Jerome.

In the chapel they bound themselves to obedience to Gama, and devoted themselves to death. "On the next day, when the adventurers marched to the ships, the shore of Belem presented one of the most solemn and affecting scenes perhaps recorded in history. The beach was covered with the inhabitants of Lisbon. A numerous procession of priests, in their robes, sung anthems, and offered up invocations to heaven. Every one beheld the adventurers as brave innocent men going to a dreadful execution, as rushing upon certain death." *Introduction, to the Lusiad.*

Before the banners of the cross subdued,
 When Lisboa's towers were bath'd in Moorish blood
 By Glosster's lance—Romantic days that yield
 Of gallant deeds a wide luxuriant field, 60
 Dear to the muse that loves the fairy plains,
 Where ancient honour wild and ardent reigns.

Where high o'er Tago's flood Almada low'rs,
 Amid the solemn pomp of mouldering towers,
 Supinely seated, wide and far around 65
 My eye delighted wanders.—Here the bound
 Of fair Europa o'er the ocean rears
 Its western edge: where dimly disappears
 The Atlantic wave, the slow descending day
 Mild beaming pours serene the gentle ray 70
 Of Lusitania's winter, silvering o'er
 The tower-like summits of the mountain shore;
 Dappling the lofty cliffs that coldly throw
 Their fable horrors o'er the vales below.
 Far round the stately-shoulder'd river bends 75
 Its giant arms, and sea-like wide extends
 Its midland bays, with fertile islands crown'd,
 And lawns for English valour still renown'd:
 Given to Cornwallia's gallant sons of yore,
 Cornwallia's name the smiling pastures bore; 80
 And still their lord his English lineage boasts
 From Rolland famous in the Croisade hosts.
 Where sea-ward narrower rolls the shining tide
 Through hills by hills embosom'd on each side,
 Monastic walls in every glen arise 85
 In coldest white fair glistening to the skies
 Amid the brown-brow'd rocks; and, far as sight,
 Proud domes and villages array'd in white*
 Climb o'er the steeps, and through the dusky green
 Of olive groves, and orange bowers between, 90
 Speckled with glowing red, unnumber'd gleam—
 And Lisboa towering o'er the lordly stream
 Her marble palaces and temples spreads
 Wildly magnific o'er the loaded heads

* The houses in Portugal are generally whitened on the outside, white being esteemed as repulsive of the rays of the sun.

Of bending hills, along whose high-pil'd base 95
 The port capacious, in a moon'd embrace,
 Throws her mast-forest, waving on the gale
 The vanes of every shore that hoists the sail.

Here while the sun from Europe's breast retires,
 Let fancy, roaming as the scene inspires, 100
 Pursue the present and the past restore,
 And nature's purpose in her steps explore.

Nor you, my friend, admiring Rome, disdain
 Th' Iberian fields and Lusitanian Spain.
 While Italy, obscur'd in tawdry blaze, 105
 A motley, modern character displays,
 And languid trims her long exhausted store;
 Iberia's fields with rich and genuine ore
 Of ancient manners woo the traveller's eye;
 And scenes untrac'd in every landscape lie. 110
 Here every various dale with lessons fraught
 Calls to the wanderer's visionary thought
 What mighty deeds the lofty hills of Spain
 Of old have witness'd—From the evening main
 Her mountains tops the Tyrian pilots saw 115
 In lightnings wrapt, and thrill'd with sacred awe
 Through Greece the tales of Gorgons, Hydras spread,
 And Geryon dreadful with the triple head;
 The stream of * Lethe, and the dread abodes
 Of forms gigantic, and infernal gods. 120
 But soon, by fearless lust of gold impell'd,
 They min'd the mountain, and explor'd the field;
 Till Rome and Carthage, fierce for empire strove,
 As for their prey two famish'd birds of Jove.
 The rapid Durus then and Boeti's flood 125
 Were dy'd with Roman and with Punic blood,
 While oft the length'ning plains and mountain sides
 Seem'd moving on, slow rolling tides on tides,

* The river of Lima, in the north of Portugal, said to be the Lethe of the ancients, is thus mentioned by Cellarius, in his *Geographia Antiqua*:—"Fabulosus Oblivionis fluvius Limaas, ultra Lusitaniæ in septentrione." It runs through a most romantic and beautiful district; from which circumstance it probably received the name of the River of Oblivion, the first strangers who visited it, forgetting their native country, and being willing to continue on its banks. The same reason of forgetfulness is ascribed to the Lotus by Homer, *Odys.* ix. There is another Lethe of the ancients in Africa.

When from Pyrene's summits Afric pour'd
Her armies, and o'er Rome destruction lowr'd. 130

Here while the youth revolves some hero's fame,
If patriot zeal his British breast inflame,
Here let him trace the fields to freedom dear,
Where low in dust lay Rome's invading spear;
Where Viriatus * proudly trampled o'er 135
Fasces and Roman eagles steeped in gore;
Or where he fell, with honest laurels crown'd,
The awful victim of a treacherous wound;
A wound still bath'd in honour's generous tear,
While freedom's wounds the brave and good revere;
Still pouring fresh th' inexpiable stain 14
O'er Rome's patrician honour false and vain!

Or should the pride of bold revolt inspire,
And touch his bosom with unhallow'd fire;
If merit spurn'd demand stern sacrifice, 145
O'er Ev'ra's † fields let dread Sertorius rise.
Dy'd in his country's blood, in all the pride
Of wrongs reveng'd, illustrious let him ride
Enshrin'd, o'er Spain, in victory's dazzling rays,
Till Rome look pale beneath the mountain blaze. 150
But let the British wanderer through the dales
Of Ev'ra stray, while midnight tempest wails!
There, as the hoary villagers relate,
Sertorius, Sylla, Marius, weep their fate,
Their spectres gliding on the lightning blue, 155
Oft doom'd their ancient stations to renew;
Sertorius bleeding on Perpenna's knife,
And Marius sinking in Ambition's strife;
As forest boars entangled in a chain,
Dragg'd on, as stings each leader's rage or pain; 160
And each the furious leader in his turn,
Till now they lie, a ghastly wreck forlorn.

And say, ye trampers on your country's mounds,
Say who shall fix the swelling torrent's bounds?

* This great man is called by Florus the Romulus of Spain. What is here said of him is agreeable to history.

† Eboræ, now Eboræ, was the principal residence of Sertorius.

Or who shall sail the pilot of the flood? 165
 Alas, full oft some worthless trunk of wood
 Is whirl'd into the port, blind fortune's boast,
 While noblest vessels, founder'd, strew the coast!
 If wars of fairer fame and old applause,
 That bear the title of our country's cause 170
 To humanize barbarians, and to raise
 Our country's prowess, their asserted praise;
 If these delight, Hispania's dales display
 The various arts and toils of Roman sway.
 Here jealous Cato * laid the cities waste, 175
 And Julius* here in fairer pride replac'd,
 Till ages saw the labours of the plough
 By every river, and the barren bough
 Of laurel shaded by the olive's bloom,
 And grateful Spain the strength of lordly Rome; 180
 Hers mighty bards †, and hers the sacred earth
 That gave the world a friend in Trajan's birth.
 When Rome's wide empire, a luxurious prey,
 Debas'd in false refinement nerveless lay,
 The northern hordes on Europe's various climes 185
 Planted their ruling virtues and their crimes.
 Cloister'd by Tyber's stream the slothful staid,
 To Seine and Loire the gay and friv'lous stray'd.
 A sordid group the Belgian marshes pleas'd,
 And Saxony's wild forest freedom seiz'd; 190
 There held her juries, pois'd the legal scales,—
 And Spain's romantic hills and lonely dales
 The pensive lover sought; and Spain became
 The land of gallantry and amorous flame.
 Hail, favour'd clime! whose lone retreats inspire 195
 The softest dreams of languishing desire,
 Affections trembling with a glow all holy,
 Wildly sublime, and sweetly melancholy;
 Till rapt devotion to the fair, refine
 And bend each passion low at honour's shrine. 200

* According to history, this different policy is strikingly characteristic of those celebrated names.

† Lucan, Martial, Seneca.

So felt the iron Goth, when here he brought
 His worship of the fair with valour fraught :
 Soon as Iberia's mountains fix'd his home,
 He rose a character unknown to Rome ;
 His manners wildly colour'd as the flowers 205
 And flaunting plumage of Brazilian bowers :
 New to the world as these, yet polish'd more
 Than e'er the pupil of the Attic lore
 Might proudly boast. On man's bold arm robust
 The tender fair reclines with fondest trust : 210
 With nature's finest touch exulting glows
 The manly breast which that fond aid bestows :
 That first of generous joys on man bestow'd,
 In Gothic Spain in all its fervour glow'd.
 Then high burn'd honour ; and the dread alarms 215
 Of danger then assum'd the dearest charms.
 What for the fair was dar'd or suffer'd, bore
 A saint-like merit, and was envied more ;
 Till led by love-sick fancy's dazzled flight,
 From court to court forth roam'd adventure's knight ;
 And tilts and tournaments, in mimic wars, 221
 Supplied the triumph's and the honour'd scars
 Of arduous battles for their country fought,
 Till the keen relish of the marvellous wrought
 All wild and fever'd, and each peaceful shade 225
 With batter'd armour deck'd, its knight display'd,
 In soothing transport, listening to the strain
 Of dwarfs and giants, and of monsters slain ;
 Of spells all horror, and enchanters dire,
 And the sweet banquet of the amorous fire, 230
 When knights and ladies chaste, reliev'd from thrall,
 Hold love's high holiday in bower and hall.
 'Twas thus, all pleasing to the languid thought,
 With magic power the tales of magic wrought ;
 Till by the muses arm'd, in all the ire 235
 Of wit, resistless as electric fire,
 Forth rode La Mancha's knight ; and sudden fled
 Goblins and beauteous nymphs, and pagans dread,
 As the delirious dream of sickness flies,
 When health returning smiles from vernal skies. 240

But turn we now from chivalry diseas'd,
 To chivalry when Honour's wreath she seiz'd
 From Wisdom's hand.—From Taurus' rugged steep,
 And Caucasus, far round with headlong sweep,
 As wolves wild howling from their famish'd den, 245
 Rush'd the devouring bands of Sarazen:
 Their savage genius, giant-like and blind,
 Trampling with fullen joy on human kind,
 Assyria lay its own uncover'd grave,
 And Gallia trembled to the Atlantic wave: 250
 In awful waste the fairest cities moan'd,
 And human liberty expiring groan'd
 When chivalry arose:—Her ardent eye
 Sublime, that fondly mingled with the sky,
 Where patience watch'd, and steadfast purpose frown'd,
 Mix'd with devotion's fire, she darted round, 256
 Stern and indignant; on her glittering shield
 The cross she bore, and, proudly to the field,
 High plum'd she rush'd; by honour's dazzling fir'd,
 Conscious of Heaven's own cause, and all inspir'd 260
 By holy vows, as on the frowning tower
 The lightning vollies, on the crested power
 Of Sarazen she wing'd her jav'lin's way,
 And the wide-wasting giant prostrate lay.

Let supercilious wisdom's smiling pride 265
 The passion wild of these bold days deride;
 But let the humbler sage with reverence own,
 That something sacred glows, of name unknown,
 Glows in the deeds that heaven delights to crown;
 Something that boasts an impulse uncontroll'd 270
 By school-taught prudence, and its maxims cold.
 Fir'd at the thought, methinks on sacred ground
 I tread; where'er I cast mine eyes around,
 Palmela's hill,* and Cintra's summits tell
 How the grim Sarazen's dread legions fell; 275
 Turbans and scimitars in carnage roll'd,
 And their moon'd ensigns torn from every hold:—

* *Palmela's hill and Cintra's summits*, are bot seen from Almada, and were principal forts of the Moors. They were storm'd by Alphonso the First, about the time of the conquest of Lisbon.

Yes, let the youth whose generous search explores
 The various lessons of Iberia's shores,
 Let him as wandering at the muse's hour 280
 Of eve or morn where low the Moorish tow'r,
 Fall'n from its rocky height and tyrant sway,
 Lies scatter'd o'er the dale in fragments grey,
 Let him with joy behold the hills around
 With olive forests and with vineyards crown'd, [285
 All grateful pouring on the hands that rear
 Their fruit, the fruitage of the bounteous year.
 Then let his mind to fair Ionia turn.—
 Alas! how waste Ionia's landscapes mourn;
 And thine, O beauteous Greece, amid the tow'rs 290
 Where dreadful still the Turkish banner low'rs;
 Beneath whose gloom, unconscious of the stain
 That dims his soul, the peasant hugs his chain.
 And whence these woes debasing human kind?
 Eunuchs in heart, in polish'd sloth reclin'd, 295
 Thy sons, degenerate Greece, ignobly bled,
 And fair Byzantium bow'd th' imperial head;
 While Tago's iron race, in dangers steel'd,
 All ardour, dar'd the horrors of the field.
 The tow'rs of Venice trembled o'er her flood, 300
 And Paris' gates aghast and open stood;
 Low lay her peers on Fontarabia's* plains;
 And Lisboa groan'd beneath stern Mah'met's chains:
 Vain was the hope the North might rest unspoil'd;
 When stern Iberia's spirit fierce recoil'd. 305
 As from the toils the wounded lion bounds,
 And tears the hunters and the fated hounds;
 So smarting with his wounds, th' Iberian tore,
 And to his sun-scorch'd regions drove the Moor:
 The vengeful Moors, as mastiffs on their prey, 310
 Return'd; as heavy clouds their deep array

* Their ruption of the Mahommedans into Europe gave rise to that species-
 of poetry called Romance. The Orlando Furioso is founded upon the in-
 vasion of France,

*When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell
 By Fontarabia----*

Milton.

Blacken'd o'er Tago's banks.—As Sagres* braves
 And stems the furious rage of Afric's waves,
 So brav'd, so stood the Lusitanian bands,
 The southern bulwark of Europa's lands. 315
 Such were the foes by chivalry repell'd,
 And such the honours that adorn'd her shield.
 And ask what Christian Europe owes the high
 And ardent soul of gallant chivalry,
 Ask, and let Turkish Europe's groans reply! 320

As through the pictur'd abbey-window gleams
 The evening sun, with bold though fading beams,
 So through the reverend shade of ancient days,
 Gleam these bold deeds with dim yet golden rays.
 But let not glowing fancy as it warms 325
 O'er these, high honour's youthful pride in arms,
 Forget the stern ambition, and the worth
 Of minds mature, by patriot kings call'd forth;
 That worth which rous'd the nation to explore
 Old Ocean's wildest waves and farthest shore. 330

By human eye untempted, unexplor'd,
 An awful solitude, old Ocean roar'd:
 As to the fearful dove's impatient eye
 Appears the height untry'd of upper sky,
 So seem'd the last dim wave, in boundless space 335
 Involv'd and lost, when Tago's gallant race
 As eagles, fixing on the sun their eyes,
 Through gulfs unknown explor'd the morning skies;
 And taught the wondering world the grand design
 Of parent heaven, that shore to shore should join 340
 In bands of mutual aid, from sky to sky,
 And ocean's wildest waves the chain supply.

And here, my friend, how many a trophy woos;
 The Briton's earnest eye, and British muse!
 Here bids the youthful trav'ler's care forego 345
 The arts of elegance and polish'd show;
 Bids other arts his nobler thoughts engage,
 And wake to highest aim his patriot rage;

* The promontory of Sagres, where Henry Duke of Viseo resided and established his naval school, is on the southern part of Portugal, opposite to Africa.

Those arts which rais'd that race of men, who shone
 The heroes of their age on Lisboa's throne. 350
 What mighty deeds in filial order flow'd,
 While each still brighter than its parent glow'd,
 Till Henry's naval school its heroes pour'd
 From pole to pole, wherever ocean roar'd!
 Columbus, Gama, and Magellan's name, 355
 Its deathless boast; and all of later fame
 Its offspring—kindling o'er the view the muse
 The naval pride of those bright days reviews;
 Sees Gama's sails, that first to India bore,
 In awful hope vanish from the shore; 360
 Sees from the silken regions of the morn
 What fleets of gay triumphant vanes return!
 What heroes, plum'd with conquest, proudly bring
 The eastern sceptres to the Lusian king!
 When sudden, rising on the evening gale, 365
 Methinks I hear the oceans murmurs wail,
 And every breeze repeat the woeful tale,
 How bow'd, how fell proud Lisboa's naval throne—
 Ah heaven, how cold the boding thoughts rush on!
 Methinks I hear the shades that hover round 370
 Of English heroes heave the sigh profound,
 Prophetic of the kindred fate that lowers
 O'er Albion's fleets and London's proudest towers.
 Broad was the firm-bas'd structure and sublime,
 That Gama fondly rear'd on India's clime: 375
 On justice and benevolence he plac'd
 Its ponderous weight, and warlike trophies grac'd
 Its mountain turrets; and o'er Asia wide
 Great Albuquerque* renown'd its generous pride.
 The injur'd native sought its friendly shade, 380
 And India's princes blest its powerful aid:
 Till from corrupted passion's basest hour
 Rose the dread demon of tyrannic power.
 Sampayo's heart, where dauntless valour reign'd,
 And counsel deep, she seiz'd and foul profan'd. 385

* Albuquerque, Sampayo, Nunio, Castro, are distinguished characters in the *Lusiad*, and in the history of Portuguese Asia.

Then the straight road where sacred justice leads,
 Where for its plighted compact honour bleeds,
 Was left, and holy patriot zeal gave place
 To lust of gold and self devotion base:
 Deceitful art the chief's sole guide became, 390
 And breach of faith was wisdom; slaughter, fame.
 Yet though from far his hawk eye mark'd its prey,
 Soon through the rocks that crost his crooked way,
 As a toil'd bull, fiercely he stumbled on,
 Till low he lay dishonour'd and o'erthrown. 395

Others, without his valour or his art,
 With all his interested rage of heart,
 Follow'd, as blighting mists on Gama's toil,
 And undermin'd and rent the mighty pile;
 Convulsions dread its deep foundations tore, 400
 Its bending head the scath of lightning bore:
 Its falling turrets desolation spread;
 And from its faithless shade in horror fled
 The native tribes—yet not at once subdu'd;
 Its pristine strength long storms on storms withstood;
 A Nunio's justice, and a Castro's sword, 406
 Oft rais'd its turrets, and its dread restor'd.
 Yet, like the sunshine of a winter day
 On Norway's coast, soon died the transient ray.
 A tyrant race who own'd no country*, came, 410
 Deep to entrench themselves, their only aim;
 With lust of rapine fever'd and athirst,
 With the unhallow'd rage of gain accurst;
 Against each spring of action, on the breast
 For wisest ends, by nature's hand imprest, 415
 Stern war they wag'd; and blindly ween'd, alone
 On brutal dread, to fix their cruel throne.
 The wise and good, with indignation fir'd,
 Silent from their unhallow'd board retir'd;
 The base and cunning stay'd, and, slaves avow'd, 420
 Submits to every insult smiling bow'd.

* Before the total declension of the Portuguese in Asia, and while they were subject to Spain, the principal people, says the historian Faria, who were mostly a mixed race born in India, lost all affection for the mother country, nor had any regard for any of the provinces where they were only the sons of strangers: and present emolument became their sole object.

Yet while they smil'd and bow'd the abject head,
 In chains unfelt their tyrant lords they led;
 Their avarice, watching as a bird of prey,
 O'er every weakness, o'er each vice held sway; 425
 Till secret art assum'd the thwarting face,
 And dictate bold; and ruin and disgrace
 Clos'd the unworthy scene. Now trampled low
 Beneath the injur'd native, and the foe
 From Belgia lur'd by India's costly prey, 430
 Thy glorious structure, Gama, prostrate lay,
 And lies in desolated awful gloom,
 Dread and instructive as a ruin'd tomb.

Nor less on Tago's than on India's coast
 Was ancient Lusian virtue stain'd and lost: 435
 On Tago's banks, heroic ardour's foes,
 A soft, luxurious, tinsel'd race, arose;
 Of lofty boastful look and pompous show,
 Triumphant tyrants o'er the weak and low:
 Yet wildly starting from the gaming board 440
 At every distant brandish of the sword;
 Already conquer'd by uncertain dread,
 Imploring peace with feeble hands outspread;—
 Such peace as trembling suppliants still obtain,
 Such peace they found beneath the yoke of Spain; 445
 And the wide empires of the east no more
 Pour'd their redundant horns on Lisboa's shore.

Alas, my friend, how vain the fairest boast
 Of human pride! how soon is empire lost!
 The pile by ages rear'd to awe the world, 450
 By one degenerate race to ruin hurl'd!
 And shall the Briton view that downward race
 With eye unmov'd, and no sad likeness trace!
 Ah heaven! in every scene, by memory brought,
 My fading country rushes on my thought. 455

From Lisboa now the frequent vesper bell
 Vibrates o'er Tago's stream with solemn knell.
 Turn'd by the call my pensive eye surveys
 That mighty scene of hist'ry's shame and praise.

Methinks I hear the yells of horror rise 460
 From slaughter'd thousands shrieking* to the skies,
 As factious rage or blinded zeal of yore
 Roll'd their dire chariot wheels through streams of gore.
 Now throbs of other glow my soul employ,
 I hear the triumph of a nation's joy†, 465
 From bondage rescu'd and the foreign sword,
 And independence and the throne restor'd!

Hark, what low sound from Cintra rock! the air
 Trembles with horror; fainting lightnings glare:
 Shrill crows the cock, the dogs give dismal yell; 470
 And with the whirlwind's roar full comes the swell;
 Convulsive staggers rock th' eternal ground,
 And heave the Tagus from his bed profound;
 A dark red cloud the towers of Lisboa veils; 475
 Ah heaven, what dreadful groan! the rising gales
 Bright light; and Lisboa smoaking in the dust
 Lies fall'n.—The wide-spread ruins, still august,
 Still show the footsteps where the dreadful God
 Of earthquake, cloth'd in howling darkness, trod; 480
 Where mid foul weeds the heaps of marble tell
 From what proud height the spacious temples fell;
 And penury and sloth of squalid mien
 Beneath the roofless palace walls‡ are seen
 In savage hovels, where the tap'stried floor 485
 Was trod by nobles and by kings before;

* Besides the total slaughter of the moors at the taking of Lisbon, other massacres have bathed the streets of that city in blood. King Fernando, surnamed the Careless, was driven from Lisbon by a bloody insurrection, headed by one Velasquez, a taylor. Some time after, on the death of Fernando, Adeyro, the queen's favourite, was stabbed in her presence, the bishop of Lisbon was thrown from the tower of his own Cathedral, and the massacre of all the queen's adherents became general; and many were murdered under that pretence, by those who had an enmity against them. In 1505, between two and three thousand Jews were massacred in Lisbon, in the space of three days, and many Christians were also murdered by their private enemies, under a similar pretence that they were of the Hebrew race. Thousands flocked in from the country to assist in their destruction, and the crews of some French and Dutch ships, then in the river, says Oforius, were particularly active in murdering and plundering.

† When the Spanish yoke was thrown off, and the Duke of Braganza ascended the throne under the title of John IV. This is one of the most remarkable events in history, and does the Portuguese nation infinite honour.

‡ This description is literally just. Whole families, of all ages, are every where seen among the ruins, the only covering of their habitations being ragged fragments of sail-cloth, and their common bed dirty straw. The magnificent and extensive ruins of the palace of Braganza contain several hundreds of these idle people, much more wretched, in their appearance, than the gypsies of England.

How like, alas, her Indian Empire's state!
 How like the city's and the nation's fate!
 Yet time points forward to a brighter day;
 Points to the domes that stretch their fair array 490
 Through the brown ruins, lifting to the sky
 A loftier brow and mien of promise high;
 Points to the river shore, where wide and grand
 The courts of commerce and her walks expand,
 As an imperial palace* to retain 495
 The universal queen, and fix her reign;
 Where pleas'd she hears the groaning oar resound;
 By magazines and arsenals mounded round.
 Whose yet unfinish'd grandeur proudly boasts
 The fairest hope of either India's coasts, 500
 And bids the muse's eye in vision roam
 Through mighty scenes in ages long to come.

Forgive, fair Thames, the song of truth that pays
 To Tago's empress-stream superior praise;
 O'er every vauntful river be it thine 505
 To boast the guardian shield of laws divine;
 But yield to Tagus all the sovereign state
 By nature's gift bestow'd and partial fate,
 The sea-like port and central sway to pour
 Her fleets, by happiest course, on every shore. 510

When from the sleep of ages dark and dead,
 Thy genius, commerce, rear'd her infant head,
 Her cradle bland on Tago's lap she chose,
 And soon to wandering childhood sprightly rose:
 And when to green and youthful vigour grown, 515
 On Tago's breast she fix'd her central throne;
 Far from the hurricane's resistless sweep
 That tears with thundering rage the Carib deep;
 Far from the foul-wing'd winter that deforms
 And rolls the northern main with storms on storms,
 Beneath salubrious skies, to summer gales 520
 She gives the venturous and returning sails;

* The Praca de Commercio, or Forum of Commerce, is one of the largest and most magnificent squares in Europe. Three sides consist of the Exchange and the public offices; the fourth is formed by the Tagus, which is here edged by an extensive and noble wharf, built of coarse marble.

The smiling isles, nam'd Fortunate of old,
 First on her ocean's bosom fair unfold;
 Thy world, Columbus, spreads its various breast, 525
 Proud to be first by Lisboa's waves carest;
 And Afric woos and leads her easy way
 To the fair regions of the rising day.
 If Turkey's drugs invite, or silken pride,
 Thy straits, Alcides, give the ready tide; 330
 And turn the prow, and soon each shore expands
 From Gallia's coast to Europe's northern lands.

When heaven decreed low to dust to bring
 That lofty oak*, Assyria's boastful king,
 Deep, said the angel voice, the roots secure 335
 With bands of brass, and let the life endure,
 For yet his head shall rise.—And deep remain
 The living roots of Lisboa's ancient reign;
 Deep in the castel'd isles on Asia's strand,
 And firm in fair Brazilia's wealthy land. 340
 And say, while ages roll their length'ning train,
 Shall nature's gifts to Tagus still prove vain,
 An idle waste!—A dawn of brightest ray
 Has boldly promis'd the returning day
 Of Lisboa's honours, fairer than her prime 345
 Lost by a rude unletter'd age's crime—
 Now heaven-taught science and her liberal band
 Of arts, and dictates by experience plann'd,
 Beneath the smiles of a benignant queen
 Boast the fair opening of a reign † serene, 350
 Of omen high.—And Camoen's ghost no more
 Wails the neglected muse on Tago's shore;
 No more his tears the barbarous age ‡ upbraid,
 His griefs and wrongs all sooth'd, his happy shade

* See Daniel, c. iv.

† Alludes to the establishment of the Royal Academy of Lisbon in July 1780, under the presidency of the most illustrious Prince Don John of Braganza, Duke of Lafons, &c. &c. &c. The author was present at the ceremony of its commencement, and had the honour to be admitted a member.

‡ Camoens, the first poet of Portugal, published his *Lusiad* at a time of the deepest declension of public virtue, when the Portuguese empire in India was falling into rapid decay, when literature was totally neglected, and all was luxury and imbecility at home. At the end of Books V. and VII. of his *Lusiad*, he severely upbraids the nobility for their barbarous ignorance. He died neglected in a workhouse, a few months before his country fell under the yoke of Philip II. of Spain, whose policy in Portugal was of the

Beheld th' Ulysses * of his age return 355
 To Tago's banks; and earnest to adorn
 The hero's brows, he waves the Elysian crown,
 What time the letter'd chiefs of old renown,
 And patriot heroes, in the Elysian bowers
 Shall hail Braganza; of the fairest flowers 360
 Of Helicon, entwin'd with laurel leaves
 From Maxen field, the deathless wreath he waves;
 Anxious alone, nor be his vows in vain!
 That long his toil unfinish'd may remain!
 The view how grateful to the liberal mind, 365
 Whose glow of heart embraces human kind,
 To see a nation rise! But ah, my friend,
 How dire the pangs to mark our own descend!
 With ample powers from ruin still to save,
 Yet as a vessel on the furious wave, 370
 Through sunken rocks and rav'nous whirlpools tost,
 Each power to save in counter-action lost,
 Where, while combining storms the decks o'erwhelm,
 Timidity slow falters at the helm,
 The crew, in mutiny, from every mast 375
 Tearing its strength, and yielding to the blast;
 By factions stern and gloomy lust of change,
 And selfish rage inspir'd and dark revenge—
 Nor ween, my friend, that favouring fate forebodes
 That Albion's state, the toil of demigods, 380
 From ancient manners pure, through ages long,
 And from unnumber'd friendly aspects sprung;

same kind with that which he exercised in the Netherlands, endeavouring to secure submission by severity, with the view of reducing them beneath the possibility of a successful revolt.

* This title is given by the Portuguese historians to Don John, one of the younger sons of John I. of Portugal, who had visited every court of Europe. The same title is no less due to the present illustrious descendant of his family, the Duke of Lafons. His grace, who has within these few years returned to his native country, was about twenty-two years absent from it. During the late war, he was a volunteer in the army of the Empress Queen, in which he served as lieutenant-general, and particularly distinguished himself at the battle of Maxen, where the Prussians were defeated. After the peace, he not only visited every court of Europe, most of whose languages he speaks fluently, but also travelled to Turkey and Egypt, and even to Lapland. His grace is no less distinguished by his taste for the Belles Lettres, than for his extensive knowledge of history and science.

When poison'd at the heart its soul expires,
 Shall e'er again resume its generous fires :
 No future day may such fair frame restore ;
 When Albion falls, she falls to rise no more. 386

SACRED TO THE HEIRS OF — CASTLE.

OH thou whose hopes these fair domains inspire,
 The awful lesson here bestow'd attend,
 With pensive eve here let thy steps retire,
 What time rapt Fancy's shadowy forms descend.

Hark ! from yon hall as headlong waste purveys, 5
 What Bacchanalian revels loud resound,
 With festive fires the midnight windows blaze,
 And fever'd Tumult reels his giddy round.

'Tis past—the mansion owns another lord,
 The ousted heir so riotous ere while, 10
 Now sits a suppliant at his wonted board,
 Insulted by the base-born menial's smile.

By the base menials taunted from the door,
 With anguish'd heart resistless of his woe,
 Forlorn he strays those lawns, his own no more, 15
 Unknowing where, on trembling knees and flow.

'Till here beneath an aged elm's bleak shade,
 Fainting he sinks—Ah ! let thy mind descry,
 On the cold turf how low his humbled head,
 On yon fair dome how fix'd his ghastly eye. 20

By his mad revels, by his last heart-sigh,
 Oh thou of these proud towers the promis'd heir,
 By every manly virtue's holy tie,
 By honour's fairest bloom, Oh fortune's child beware

FRAGMENT.

TELL me gentle Echo, tell
 Where and how my lover fell?
 On the cold grass did he lie,
 Crown'd with laurels did he die?
 Echo twice gave swift reply,
 Crown'd with laurels, crown'd with laurels, he did die. 5

His snow-white breast was stain'd with gore,
 A cruel sword his bosom tore.
 Say, with his parting vital flame,
 Did he sigh Ophelia's name, 10
 Was he constant still the same?
 Echo sigh'd Ophelia's name.

When in Honour's bed he lay,
 And breath'd his gallant soul away,
 Ye gentler spirits of the air, 15
 Why was not Ophelia there?
 Echo answer'd her despair,
 Why was not Ophelia there?

While the full moon's paly ray
 Sleeping on the hill side lay, 20
 Thus to Echo, through the glade,
 The lovely maniac talk'd and stray'd;
 Straight on Fancy's wild wings borne,
 By the glimpse of opening morn,
 She saw—or thought she saw, her love
 Lie bleeding * * * * * 26

FRAGMENT.

COME gentle peace on every breathing gale,
 O come and guard the slumbers of the vale,
 Awake gay mirth and glee, with playful wile,
 Wake with the morn, and o'er the landscape smile. 4

STANZAS

ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS DOWAGER OF WALES.

A SPERS'D by malice and unmanly rage,
Disgraceful stamp to this flagitious age,
In conscious innocence secur'd from blame,
She sigh'd—but only sigh'd o'er Britain's shame ;
She saw her children throng their early tomb, 5
Disease, slow wasting, fade her Gloster's bloom ;
She saw—but death appear'd a friendly guest,
His arrow pointing to the realms of rest !
Calmly she views him, dauntless and resign'd,
Yet drops one tear for those she leaves behind. 10

Warm from the heart these honest numbers flow,
Which honour, truth, and gratitude, bestow. 12



EPITAPH ON MR. MORTIMER.

O'ER Angelo's proud tomb no tear was shed ;
Pleas'd was each muse, for full his honours
spread ;

To bear his genius to its utmost shore,
The length of human days could give no more.

Oh Mortimer, o'er thy untimely urn 5
The arts and all the gentle muses mourn ;
And shades of English heroes gliding by,
Heave o'er thy shrine the languid hopeless sigh !
Thine all the breathing rage of bold design,
And all the poetry of painting thine ; 10

Oh, long had thy meridian sun to blaze !
And onward hov'ring in its magic rays,
What visions rose !—Fair England's patriots old,
Monarchs of proudest fame, and barons bold,
In the fir'd moments of their bravest strife, 15
Bursting beneath thy hand again to life !

So shone thy noon—when one dim void profound
Rush'd on, and shapeless darkness clos'd around.
Alas ! while ghosts of heroes round thy tomb,
Robb'd of their hope, bewail the artist's doom ; 20
Thy friend, Oh Mortimer, in grief sincere,
Pours o'er the man sad memory's silent tear ;
And in the fond remembrance of thy heart,
Forgets the honours of thy wond'rous art. 24



TO THE
MEMORY OF COM. GEO. JOHNSTONE.

THROUGH life's tempestuous sea to thee 'twas given
Thy course to steer, yet still preserv'd by heaven;
As childhood clos'd, thy ceaseless toils began,
And toils and dangers ripen'd thee to man:
'Thy country's cause thy ardent youth inspir'd, 5
Thy ripen'd years thy country's danger's fir'd;
All life to trace the councils of the foe,
All zealous life to ward the lifted blow*.

When dubious peace, in gilded clouds array'd,
Fair o'er Britannia threw her painted shade, 10
Thy active mind illiberal ease disdain'd;
Forth burst the senator unaw'd, unstain'd!
By private aim unwrapt as generous youth,
Thy ear still listening to the voice of truth,
That sacred power thy bursting warmth controll'd, 15
And bade thee at her side be only bold.
Nor toils of state alone thy cares employ'd;
The muses in thy sunshine glow'd and joy'd.

When filial strife unsheath'd the ruthless brand,
And discord rioted on Salem's strand, 20
Thy hands to Salem's strand the olive bore†,
Alas, denied!—and liberal peace no more
Smil'd on the crest of Hope; thy country's weal
Again to action wak'd thy patriot zeal!
Old Tagus saw the British red-cross stream 25
O'er Gallia's lilies and the tawny gleam
Of proud Iberia's castles: Belgia mourn'd
Her broken faith, and Afric's shores return'd‡
Her Lisbon groans for British friendship spurn'd.

* The Commodore was remarkably happy in procuring intelligence. He sent the first notice of the Spanish declaration of war in 1761 to Admiral Rodney, then commanding in the West Indies; in consequence of which the Havannah was taken. He sent also the first account of the sailing and destination for the West Indies of the grand Spanish fleet in 1760 to Admiral Rodney, then also commander on that station. Both messages were carried from Lisbon by the same person, Capt. M'Laurin. In consequence of this intelligence, many of the Spanish transports were taken, and the operations of the combined force of France and Spain in the West Indies retarded for that reason.

† He was one of the commissioners sent to America in 1778.

‡ Alluding to the French and Dutch prizes he sent into the Tagus in 1779 and 1780, and to his capture of four Dutch Indiamen in Saldanha Bay, in 1781.

Again life's tempest beaten ocean roar'd, 30
 And round thy head the mists of faction pour'd ;
 Dark lowr'd the storm; but heaven's own light rose mild
 And rescued Honour on thy death bed smil'd,*
 Soft shedding peaceful joy ; the blissful sign,
 That heaven's forgiveness and its balm were thine. 35
 All hail, sooth'd shade! The muse that own'd thy
 care

Hails thee, and blesses heaven that heard her pray'r.
 For ever green the laurel o'er thy tomb
 Shall flourish, ever white its flowery bloom ;
 And gratitude, Oh Johnstone, round thy shrine, 40
 And friendship heave the sigh, and thy fair wreath en-
 twine.

STANZAS ON MR. GARRICK.

FAIR was the graceful form Prometheus made,
 Its front the image of the god display'd ;
 All heaven approv'd it e'er Minerva stole
 The fire of Jove, and kindled up the soul.

So Shakspeare's page, the flower of poesy, 5
 Ere Garrick rose had charms for every eye ;
 'Twas nature's genuine image wild and grand,
 The strong-mark'd picture of a master's hand.

But when his Garrick, Nature's Pallas, came,
 The bard's bold painting burst into a flame : 10
 Each part new force and vital warmth receiv'd,
 As touch'd by heaven—and all the picture liv'd. 12

* Alluding to the sentence against him in the cause of Captain Sutton, being reversed by the House of Lords; the account of which he received about twenty-four hours before his death.

ON PASSING THROUGH THE
PARLIAMENT-CLOSE OF EDINBURGH
At Midnight.

SO now the doors are shut, the busy hand
Of industry suspends her toil a while,
And solemn silence reigns : the men of law
Throng not the passage to the august court ;
Nor clients, walking o'er the pavement, curse
Their cause's long delay ; the labourer
Lies wrapt in sleep, his brawny nerves unbrac'd,
Gath'ring new vigour for to-morrow's toil.
Now o'er their cups immoderate, the rout
Of Bacchanalians, with impetuous laugh,
Applaud the witless, but envenom'd jest.
At yon dim taper, poring on his bonds,
Or ledger, crooked av'rice keenly sits ;
Or sleepless on his tawdry bed, sums up
His rents and int'rests. O thrice dire disease !
Oh doleful madness ! Wherefore all this care,
This sinful care, that from the mind excludes
All thought of duty toward God or man !
An heir debauch'd, who wishes nothing more
Than the old dotard dead, will throw it all
On whores and dogs away ; then, curling life,
That nothing gives but scoundrel poverty,
By his own hand a mangled carcase falls.
Now smoking with unhallow'd fires, the sons
Of curs'd Gomorrha stroll along the streets,
Scenting the prostitutes : perhaps the son
Of some well-meaning countryman, entic'd
By lewd companions, midnight orgies holds,
Kennels with some abominable wretch,
Contracting foul disease, one day to smart
His pious parents souls with bitter grief,
And o'er their rev'rend hoary cheeks to pour
The sad parental tear.—————

Behold how grand the lady of the night,
The silver moon, with majesty divine,
Emerges from behind yon sable cloud ;

Around her all the spacious heavens glow
 With living fires. In the pale air sublime,
 St. Giles's column rears its ancient head ;
 Whose builders many a century ago 40
 Were moulder'd into dust. Now, O my soul,
 Be fill'd with sacred awe—I tread above
 Our brave forgotten ancestors. Here * lie
 Those who in ancient days the kingdom rul'd,
 The counsellors and favourites of kings, 45
 High lords and courtly dames, the valiant chiefs,
 Whose manly harness'd breasts, and mighty arms,
 Stood as the brazen bulwarks of the land,
 Mingling their dust with those of lowest rank,
 And basest deeds, and now unknown as they.— 50
 Hark ! 'twas the clock struck One—the solemn sound
 Yet vibrates in my ear: Such is the life,
 The transient life of man: awhile he breathes,
 Then in a little with his mother earth
 Lies mix'd, and known no more ; even his own race
 Forget his name. And if his name remains, 56
 What is it but an empty, airy sound ?
 Cæsar, and Ammon's son, high sounding air
 Founders of states, their country's saviours, lie
 In dark oblivion ; others only live 60
 In fables wild and vague : yea, this same age,
 That saw the wave of Malb'ro's sword decide
 The fate of Europe, and her trembling kings,
 Relate his actions past as an old tale,
 Without concern : and soon the days shall come, 65
 When Prussian peasants shall strange stories tell
 Of Fred'ric and his brothers ; such as oft
 The British labourer, by winter's fire,
 Tells to his wond'ring children, of the feats
 Of Arthur and his knights : a few years more 70
 Shall see great Fred'ric and his glorious bands,
 And all the millions of his raging foes,
 All silent dust, and lodging with the hosts
 (Down in the dreary mansions of the dead),
 That fought at Cannæ or Thermopylæ, 75

* This was once a burial-place.

And those of later name, that stood beneath
The banners of Godfredo or Gustave.

Say, ye immortal sons of heav'n, who rule
This nether world, who, from old Nimrod's days
Down to the present, have beheld the fate 80

Of emperors and kings ; say, which the life
That the immortal shade will like to own ?
Does Cæsar boast of his eternal name,

How, wading through the blood of millions, he
Enslav'd his country ? No, he droops his head, 85
And imprecates oblivion to o'ershade

The horrid tale. Not so poor Socrates :

With everlasting smiles he humbly owns

The life that was a blessing to mankind.

The heroes, whose unconquerable souls 90

Would from their country's int'rest never flinch,

Look down with sweet complacence on th' realms

Their valour sav'd. O Wallace, wond'rous chief !

Who durst alone thy country's rights assert,

Betray'd and sworn away by all but thee ; 95

And thou, great Bruce, who many a doleful day,

For thy enslav'd and groaning country's sake,

Stray'd o'er the solitary hills of Lorn ;

With what ecstatic raptures do you see

A nation to this day blest'd by your arms ! 100

Such shall thy happiness, O Fred'ric ! be

Thou glorious pattern of a perfect king ;

And such the recompensing heaven of those,

The happy few, in blest'd obscurity

Who pass their days ; whom Gabriel pointing out,

When in his silent rounds, unto his mates 106

Will say, " There is a man, who at all times

" Acts as becometh an immortal spirit."

Such is the life that's worthy of a man,

And such the life that God himself applauds. 110

TRANSLATION OF TASSO'S SONNET,

"VASCO, LE CUI FELICI, &c."

VASCO, whose bold and happy bowsprit bore
 Against the rising morn ; and, homeward fraught,
 Whose sails came westward with the day, and brought
 The wealth of India to thy native shore ;

Ne'er did the Greeks such length of seas explore, 5
 The Greek, who sorrow to the Cyclop wrought ;
 And he who, victor, with the harpies fought,
 Never such pomp of naval honours wore.

Great as thou art, and peerless in renown,
 Yet thou to Camoens ow'st thy noblest fame ; 10
 Farther than thou didst sail, his deathless song
 Shall bear the dazzling splendour of thy name ;
 And under many a sky thy actions crown,
 While Time and Fame together glide along. 14



AN INSCRIPTION,

On an Obelisk at Langford, in Wiltshire, the Seat of the Earl of Radnor, commemorating the unfortunate Fate of Mr. Serwinton, who was formerly in Possession of that Estate.

WHILE o'er these lawns thine eye delighted strays,
 Allow a pause to hear the tale of woe ;
 Here stood the parent elm in elder days,
 Here o'er its lord slow wav'd the wither'd bough.
 While pale and cold his famish'd cheek full low,
 On the rude turf in death's last swooning lay. 5

Even now, methinks, his anguish'd look I see,
 As by the menials taunted from the door ;
 Fainting, he wandered—then beneath the tree
 Sunk down—sweet heaven, what pangs his bosom tore.
 When o'er yon lordly dome, his own no more 11
 He roll'd his dying eyes—Ah ! what compare
 To this the lessons taught of sages hoar ?
 By his mad revels, by the gilded snare,
 By all the hopes of joy, *Oh ! fortune's child beware.*



TRANSLATION OF AN EPITHALAMIUM,

Written in Hebrew, by Abraam Depas, on the Marriage of Jacob Franco, Esq. to Miss Abigail D'Aguilar, daughter of the late Baron D'Aguilar.

THE voice of joy this happy *day* demands ;
 Resound the song, and in our God confide :
 Beneath his canopy the bridegroom stands,
 In all her beauty shines the lovely bride.
 O may their joys still blossom ever new,
 Fair as a garden to the ravish'd view ! 5

Rejoice, O youth ! and if thy thoughts aspire
 To heaven's pure bliss, the sacred law revere ;
 The stranger's wants, the needy soul's desire,
 Supply, and humbly with thy neighbour bear, 10
 So shall thy father's grateful heart rejoice,
 And thy fair deeds inspire thy people's voice.

Sing from your bowers, ye daughters of the song,
 Behold the bride with star-light glory shine !
 May each succeeding day still glide along, 15
 Fair as the first, begirt with grace divine :
 Far from her tent may care and sorrow fly,
 While she, o'erjoy'd, beholds her numerous progeny.

Ye happy parents, shout with cheerful voice,
 See o'er your son the canopy unfolds, 20
 And thou, O hoary reverend sire, rejoice,
 May thy glad eyes thy grandson's son behold :
 The song of joy ye youthful kindred raise,
 And let the people join the living God to praise. 24



ESKDALE BRAES.

BY the banks of the crystal stream'd Esk,
Where the Wauchope her yellow wave joins,*
Where the lambkins on sunny braes bask,
And wild woodbines the shepherd's bower twines.

Maria, disconsolate maid,
Oft sigh'd the still noontide away,
Or, by moonlight all desolate stray'd,
While woeful she tun'd her love-lay.

5

Ah ! no more from the banks of Ewes,
My shepherd comes cheerly along,
Broomholm,† and the Dean'sbanks, refuse
To echo the plaints of his song.

10

No more from the echoes of Ewes,
His dog fondly barking I hear,
No more the tir'd lark he pursues,
And tells me his master draws near.

15

Ah ! woe to the wars, and the pride
That my heroes, Oh Esk ! could display,
When with laurels they planted thy side,
From France and from Spain borne away.

20

Oh ! why did their honours decoy
My poor shepherd lad from the shore,
Ambition bewitch'd the vain boy,
And oceans between us now roar !

Ah ! methinks his pale corse, floating by,
I behold on the rude billows tost ;
Unburied his scattered bones lie,
Lie bleaching on some desert coast.

25

* The scene is laid on the banks where the two rivers of the Wauchope and Ewes join the Esk : On the banks of the former was anciently a castle belonging to the Knights Templars, on the ruins of which was built the manse, or parsonage house, called the Waas, (Walls) at which Mickle's father resided, and where the poet was born.

† The seat of John Maxwell, Esq. author of the celebrated " Essay on Tune," Dean'sbanks, so called from the Dean of the Knights Templars.

By this stream and the May-blossom thorn,
That first heard his love-tale and his vows,
My pale ghost shall wander forlorn,
And the willow shall weep o'er my brows.

30

With the ghosts of the Waas will I wail,
In Warblaw* woods join the sad throng,
To *ballo-w-ee'n's* blast tell my tale,
As the spectres, engrav'd, glide along.

35

Still the Ewes rolls her paly blue stream,
Old Esk still his crystal tide pours,
Still golden the Wauchope waves gleam,
And still green, Oh Broomholm! are thy bowers.

40

No—blasted they seem to my view,
The rivers in red floods combine!
The turtles their widow'd notes coo,
And mix their sad ditties with mine.

Discover'd in sorrow's dim shade,
All nature seems with me to mourn—
Straight the village bells merrily play'd,
And announc'd her dear Jamie's return.

45

The woodlands all May-blown appear,
The silver streams murmur new charms,
As smiling her Jamie drew near,
And, all eager, sprung into her arms.

50

52

* The skirts of this very picturesque mountain form a bank for the Esk and the Wauchope, and are covered with a beautiful and romantic wood.



SIR MARTYN.

IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER.

AUTHOR'S ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS attempt in the manner of Spenser was first published in 1767, since which time it has passed through some editions under the title of the *Concubine*; a title which, it must be confessed, conveyed a very improper idea both of the subject and spirit of the poem. It is now more properly intitled *Sir Martyn*; and the author is happy to find that the public approbation of the work has given him an opportunity to alter its name so much to advantage.

The first publication was not accompanied with any prefatory address, by which either the intention of the writer might be explained, or the candour of the reader solicited. To solicit candour for the poetical execution, he still declines; for taste is not to be bribed; but, perhaps, justice to himself may require some explanation of his design, and some apology for his use of the manner of Spenser.

It is an established maxim in criticism, that an interesting moral is essential to a good poem. The character of the man of fortune is of the utmost importance, both in the political and moral world; to throw, therefore, a just ridicule on the pursuits and pleasures which often prove fatal to the important virtues of the gentleman, must afford an interesting moral; but it is the management of the writer which alone must render it striking. Yet, however he may have failed in attaining this, the author may decently assert, that to paint false pleasure as it is, ridiculous and contemptible, alike destructive to virtue and to happiness, was, at least, the purpose of his poem.

It is also an established maxim in criticism, that the subject of a poem should be one; that every part should contribute to the completion of one design; which, properly pursued, will naturally diffuse itself into a regular beginning, middle, and end. Yet, in attaining this unity of the whole, the necessary regularity must still be poetical; for the spirit of poetry cannot exist under the shackles of logical or mathematical arrangement. Or, to use the words of a very eminent critic, "as there must needs be a connexion, so that connexion will best answer its end, and the purpose of the writer; which, whilst it leads, by a sure train of thinking, to the conclusion in view, conceals itself all the while,

and leaves to the reader the satisfaction of supplying the intermediate links, and joining together, in his own mind, what is left in a seeming posture of neglect and inconnexion.

If, therefore, the delineation of the character of the man of birth, who, with every advantage of natural abilities and amiable disposition, is at once lost to the public and himself; If this character has its beginning, middle, and end, the poem has all the unity that propriety requires: how far such unity is attained, may perhaps be seen at one view in the following argument.

After an invocation to the genius of Spenser, and proposition of the subject, the knight's first attachment to his concubine, his levity, love of pleasure, and dissipation, with the influence over him which on this she assumes, are parts which undoubtedly constitute a just beginning. The effects of this influence, exemplified in the different parts of a gentleman's relative character—in his domestic elegance of park, gardens, and house—in his unhappiness as a lover, a parent, and a man of letters—behaviour as a master to his tenants, as a friend and a brother—and in his feelings in his hours of retirement as a man of birth, and a patriot, naturally complete the middle, to which an allegorical catastrophe furnishes the proper and regular end.

Some reasons, perhaps, may be expected for having adopted the manner of Spenser. To propose a general use of it, were indeed highly absurd; yet it may be presumed, there are some subjects on which it may be used with advantage. But not to enter upon any formal defence, the author will only say, that the fulness and wantonness of description, the quaint simplicity, and, above all, the ludicrous, of which the antique phraseology and manner of Spenser are so happily and peculiarly susceptible, inclined him to esteem it, not solely as the best, but the only mode of composition adapted to his subject.

SIR MARTYN.

CANTO. I.

The mirthful bowres and flowry dales
Of pleasure's fairy land,
Where virtue's buds are blighted as
By foul enchanter's wand.

A WAKE, ye west Windes, through the lonely dale,
And, Fancy, to thy fairie bowre betake!
Even now, with balmie freshnesse, breathes the gale,
Dimpling, with downy wing, the stilly lake;
Through the pale willows faultering whispers wake,
And Evening comes with locks bedropt with dew? 6
On Desmond's* mouldering turrets slowly shake
The trembling rie grafs, and the hare-bell blue
And ever and anon faire Mullas complaints renew.

O for the namelesse powre to strike mine eare, 10
That powre of charme by Naiads once posselt,
Melodious Mulla! when, full oft whyleare,
Thy gliding murmurs soothd the gentle brest
Of haplesse Spenser; long with woes opprest,
Long with the drowfie patrons smyles decoy'd, 15
Till in thy shades, no more with cares distrest,
No more with painful anxious hopes accloyd,
The Sabbath of his life the milde good man enjoyd:

Enjoyd each wish; while wrapt in visions blest,
The muses wooed him, when each evening grey, 20
Luxurious Fancy, from her wardrobe drest,
Brought forth her faerie knights in sheen array,
By forrest edge, or welling fount, where lay,
Farre from the crowd, the carelesse bard supine;
Oh happy man! how innocent and gay, 25
How mildly peaceful past these houres of thine!
Ah, could a sigh avail, such sweete calme peace were
mine.

* The castle of the Earl of Desmond, on the banks of the river Mulla, in Ireland, was some time the residence of Spenser, the place where he wrote the greatest part of the Faery Queene.

Yet oft, as pensive through these lawns I stray,
 Unbidden transports through my bosome swell;
 With pleasing reverence awd mine eye, survey 30
 The hallowed shades where Spenser strung his shell.
 The brooke still murmurs through the bushy dell,
 Still through the woodlands wild and beauteous rise
 The hills green tops; still from her moss-white cell
 Complayning Echoe to the stockdove sighs, 35
 And Fancy, wandering here, still feels new extacies.

Then come, ye genii of the place, O come,
 Ye wilde-wood muses of the native lay!
 Ye who these bancks did whilom constant roam,
 And round your Spenser ever gladfom play! 40
 Oh come once more, and with your magic ray,
 These lawns transforming, raise the mystic scene——
 These lawns already own your vertual sway,
 Proud cities rise, with seas and wildes atweene;
 In one enchanted view the various walks of men. 45

Towrd to the sky, with cliff on cliff ypild,
 Fronting the sunne, a rock fantastic rose;
 From every rift the pink and primrose smild,
 And redd with blossoms hung the wildings boughs;
 On middle cliff each flowry shrub that blows 50
 On Mayes sweete morne a fragrant grove displayd,
 Beauteous and wilde as ever druid chose;
 From whence a reverend wizard, through the shade,
 Advaunst to meet my steps; for here me seemd I
 stray'd.

White as the snow-drop round his temples flowd 55
 A few thin hairs; bright in his eagle eye,
 Meint with heavens lightning, social mildnesse glowd;
 Yet when him list, queynt was his leer, and flie,
 Yet wondrous distant from malignitie;
 For still his smyle did forcibly disclose 60
 The soul of worth, and warm hart-honestie:
 Such winning grace as age but rare bestows
 Dwelt on his cheeks and lips, though like the wither-
 ing rose.

Of skyen blue a mantling robe he wore,
 A purple girdle loosely tyd his wait,
 Enwove with many a flowre from many a shore,
 And half conceald, and half reveald, his vest,
 His vest of silk, the Faerie Queenes bequest
 What time she wooed him, ere his head was grey ;
 A lawrell bough he held, and now addrest
 To speech, he points it to the mazy way
 That wide and farre around in wildest prospect lay.

Yunkling, quoth he, lo, where, at thy desire,
 The wilderness of life extensive lies ;
 The path of blustering Fame and warlike Ire,
 Of scowling Powre, and lean-boned Covetise,
 Of thoughtlesse Mirth, and Folly's giddy joys ;
 And whither all those paths illusive end,
 All these at my command didactick rise,
 And shift obedient as mine arm I bend.
 He said, and to the field did strait his arm extend.

Well worthy views, quoth I, rise all around,
 But certes, lever would I see and hear.
 How, oft, the gentle plant of generous ground
 And fairest bloom no ripend fruit will bear :
 Oft have I shed, perdie, the bitter tear,
 To see the shoots of virtue shrink and dy,
 Untimely blasted in the soft greene eare :
 What evil blight thus works such villany,
 To tell, O reverend seer, thy prompt enchantment try.

Ah me ! how little doe unthinking youth
 Foresee the sorrowes of their elder age ;
 Full oft, quoth he, my bosom melts with ruth
 To note the follies of their early stage,
 Where dissipation's cup full deepe they pledge ;
 Ne can the wizards saws disperse to flight
 The ills that soon will warre against them wage,
 Ne may the spells that lay the church-yarde spright,
 From pleasure's servile bands release the luckles wight.

This truth to tell, see yonder lawnskepe rise,
 An ample field of British clime I ween,

A field which never by poetic eyes
Was viewd from hence. Thus, through the rural scene
Has by a thousand artists pencild beene,
Some other may, from other point, explore 105
A view full different, yet as faire befeene:
So shall these lawns present one lawnskepe more;
For certes where we stand stood never wight before.

In yonder dale does wonne a gentle knight——
Fleet as he spake still rose the imagerie 110
Of all he told depeinten to the sight;
It was, I weet, a goodly baronie:
Beneath a greene-clad hill, right faire to see,
The castle in the funny vale ystood;
All round the east grew many a sheltering tree, 115
And on the west a dimpling silver flood
Ran through the gardins trim, then crept into the wood.

How sweetly here, quoth he, might one employ
And fill with worthy deed the fleeting houres:
What plesaunce mote a learned wight enjoy 120
Emong the hilles and vales, and shady bowres,
To mark how buxom Ceres round him poures
The hoary-headed wheat, the freckled corne,
The bearded barlie, and the hopp that towres
So high, and with his bloom salews the morne, 125
And with the orchard vies the lawnskepe to adorn;

The fragrant orchard, where her golden store
Pomona lavishes on everie tree,
The velvet-coated peach, the plumb so hore,
The nectrines redd, and pippins sheene to see, 130
That nod in everie gale with wanton glee:
How happy here with Woodstocks laughing swain,
And Avon's bard of peerlesse memorie,
To saunter through the dasie-whitened plain,
When fancys sweetest impe, Dan Spenfer, joins the train.

Ne to Syr Martyn height were these unknown; 136
Oft by the brooke his infant steps they led,
And oft the fays, with many a warbling tone
And laughing shape, stood round his morning bed

Such happiness bloom'd fair around his head. 140
Yet though his mind was form'd each joy to taste,
From him, alas! dear homefelt joyaunce fled,
Vain meteors still his cheated arms embrac'd;
Where all seem'd flowrie gay, he found a dreary waste.

Just when he had his eighteenth summer seen, 145
Lured by the fragrance of the new-mown hay
As careless sauntering through the elm-fenced green,
He with his book beguile the closing day,
The dairy-maide hight Kathrin frisk'd that way;
A roguish twinkling look the gypsie cast, 150
For much she wish'd the lemmans part to play?
Nathless unheeding on his way he past,
Ne entered in his heart, or wish or thought unchast.

Right plump she was, and ruddie glow'd her cheek,
Her easie waste in milch-white boddice dight, 155
Her golden locks curl'd down her shoulders sleek,
And halfe her bosome heaving met the sight,
Whiles gayly she accosts the sober wight:
Freedom and glee blythe sparkling in her eye
With wanton merrimake she trips the knight, 160
And round the younkling makes the clover fly:
But soon he starten up, more gamesome by and bye.

I ween, quoth she, you think to win a kifs;
But certes you shall woo and strive in vain.
Fast in his armes he caught her then ywis; 165
Yfere they fell; but loud and angry then
Gan she of shame and haviour vild complain,
While bashfully the weetlesse boy did look:
With cunning smyles she view'd his awkward pain;
The smyle he caught, and eke new courage took, 170
And Kathrin then a kifs, perdie, did gentlie brook.

Fleet past the months ere yet the giddy boy
One thought bestow'd on what would surely be;
But well his aunt perceiv'd his dangerous toy,
And fore she feard her auncient familie 175
Should now be stain'd with blood of base degree:

For sooth to tell, her liefest hearts delight
Was still to count her princely pedigree,
Through barons bold all up to Cadwall hight,
Thence up to Trojan Brute ysprung of Venus bright.

But, zealous to forefend her gentle race 181
From baselie matching with plebeian bloud,
Whole nights she schemd to shonne thilk foull disgrace,
And Kathrin's bale in wondrous wrath she vowd :
Yet could she not with cunning portaunce shroud, 185
So as might best succeed her good intent,
But clept her lemman and vild slut aloud ;
That soon she should her gracelesse thewes repent,
And stand in long white sheet before the parson shent.

So spake the wizard, and his hand he wavd, 190
And prompt the scenerie rose, where listless lay
The knight in shady bowre, by streamlet lavd,
While Philomela sooth'd the parting day :
Here Kathrin him approachd with features gay,
And all her store of blandishments and wiles ; 195
The knight was touched—but she was soft delay
And gentle tears ybleds her languid smiles,
And of base falsitie th' enamour'd boy reviles.

Amazd the boy beheld her ready teares,
And, faultring oft, exclaims with wondring stare,
What mean these sighs ? dispell thine ydle tears, 201
And, confident in me, thy griefes declare.
And need, quoth she, need I my heart to bare,
And tellen what untold well knowne mote be ?
Lost is my friends good-will, my mothers care— 205
By you deserted—ah ! unhappy me !
Left to your aunts fell spight, and wreakfull crueltie.

My aunt ! quoth he, forsooth shall she command ?
No ; sooner shall yond hill forsake his place,
He laughing said, and would have caught her hand ;
Her hand she shifted to her blubber'd face 211
With prudish modestie, and sobd, alas !
Grant me your bond, or else on yonder tree
These silken garters, pledge of thy embrace,

Ah, welladay ! shall hang my babe and me, 215
And everie night our ghottes shall bring all hell to thee.

Ythrilld with horror gapd the wareless weight,
As when, aloft on well-stored cherrie-tree,
The thievish elfe beholds with pale affright
The gardner near, and weets not where to flee : 220
And will my bond forefend thilk miserie?
That shalt thou have ; and for thy peace beside,
What mote I more ? Housekeeper shalt thou be—
An awfull oath forthwith his promise tied,
And Kathrine was as blythe as ever blythesome bride.

His aunt fell sick for very dole to see 226
Her kindest counsels scornd, and sore did pine
To think what well she knew would shortly be,
Cadwallins bloud debasd in Kathrins line ;
For very dole she died. Oh sad propine, 230
Syr knight, for all that care which she did take !
How many a night, for coughs and colds of thine,
Has she sat up rare cordial broths to make,
And cockerd thee so kind with manie a daintie cake !

Soft as the goffamer in summer shades 235
Extends its twinkling line from spray to spray,
Gently as sleep the weary lids invades,
So soft, so gently pleasure mines her way :
But whether will the smiling fiend betray,
Ah, let the knights approaching dayes declare ! 240
Though everie bloome and flowre of buxon May
Bestrew her path, to desarts cold and bare
The mazy path betrays the giddy wight unware.

Ah ! says the wizard, what may now availe
His manlie sense that fairest blossoms bore, 245
His temper gentle as the whispering gale,
His native goodnesse, and his vertuous lore !
Now through his veins, all uninflamd before,
Th' enchanted cup of dissipation hight
Has shedd, with subtil stealth, through everie pore, 250
Its giddy poison, brewd with magicke might,
Each budd of gentle worth and better thought to blight.

So the Canadian, train'd in drery wastes
To chace the foaming bore and fallow deer,
At first the trader's beverage shyly tastes ; 255
But soon with headlong rage, unfelt whyleare,
Inflam'd he lusts for the delirious cheer :
So bursts the boy disdainful of restraint
Headlong attonce into the wylde career
Of jollitie, with all his mind unbent, 260
And dull and yrksome hangs the day in sports unspent.

Now fly the wassal seasons wing with glee,
Each day affords a floode of roring joy ;
The springs green months ycharm'd with cocking flee,
The jolly horse-race summers grand employ, 265
His harvest sports the foxe and hare destroy ;
But the substantial comforts of the bowl
Are thine, O winter! thine to fire the boy
With Englands cause, and swell his mighty soul,
Till dizzy with his peres about the flore he rowl. 270

Now round his dores ynail'd on clogs of wood
Hangs many a badgers snout and foxes tail,
The which had he through many a hedge persew'd,
Through marsh, through meer, dyke, ditch, and
 delve, and dale ; 274
To hear his hair breadth scapes would make you pale ;
Which well the groome height Patrick can relate,
Whileas on holidays he quaffs his ale ;
And not one circumstance will he forgett,
So keen the braggard chorle is on his hunting sett.

Now on the turf the knight with sparkling eyes 280
Beholds the springing racers sweep the ground :
Now lightlie by the post the foremost flies,
And thondring on, the ratling hoofs rebound ;
The coursers groan, the cracking whips resound :
And gliding with the gale they rush along 285
Right to the stand. The knight stares wildly round
And rising on his fell, his jocund tongue
Is heard above the noise of all the noise throng.

While thus the knight persewd the shaddow joy,
 As youthly spirits thoughtlesse led the way, 290
 Her gilden baits, ah, gilded to decoy !
 Kathrine did eve and morn before him lay,
 Watchfull to please, and ever kindlie gay ;
 Till, like a thing bewitchd, the carelesse wight
 Resigns himself to her capricious sway : 295
 Then soon, perdie, was never charme-bound spright
 In necromancers thrall in halfe such piteous plight.

Her end accomplishd, and her hopes at stay,
 What need her now, she recks, one smyle bestow ;
 Each care to please were trouble thrown away, 300
 And thirstlesse waste, with many maxims moe,
 As, what were she the better did she so ?
 She conns, and freely sues her native bent :
 Yet still can she to guard his thraldom know, 304
 Though grim'd with snuff in tawdrie gown she went,
 Though peevish ere her spleen and rude her jolliment.

As when the linnet hails the balmie morne,
 And roving through the trees his mattin sings,
 Lively with joy, till on a lucklesse thorn
 He lights, where to his feet the birdlime clings ; 310
 Then all in vain he flaps his gaudy wings ;
 The more he flutters still the more foredone :
 So fares it with the knight : each morning brings
 His deeper thrall ; ne can he brawling shun, 314
 For Kathrin was his throne and birdlime both in one.

Or, when atop the hoary western hill
 The ruddie sunne appears to rest his chin,
 When not a breeze disturbs the murmuring rill,
 And mildlie warm the falling dewes begin,
 The gamesome trout then shows her silverie skin, 320
 As wantonly beneath the wave she glides,
 Watching the buzzing flies, that never blin,
 Then, dropt with pearle and golde, displays her sides,
 While she with frequent leape the ruffled streame divides.

On the green banck a truant schoolboy stands ; 325
 Well has his urchin markt her mery play,

An ashen rod obeys his guileful hands,
And leads the mimick fly across her way;
Askaunce, with listly look and coy delay,
The hungrie trout the glitteraund treachor eyes, 330
Semblaunt of life, with speckled wings so gay;
Then, flylie nibbling, prudish from it flies,
Till with a bouncing start she bites the truthless prize.

Ah, then the younker gives the fatefull twitch;
Struck with amaze she feels the hook ypight 335
Deepe in her gills, and, plunging where the beech
Shaddows the poole, she runs in dread affright;
In vain the deepest rocke her late delight,
In vain the sedgy nook for help she tries;
The laughing elfe now curbs, now aids her flight, 340
The more entangled still the more she flies,
And soon amid the grafs the panting captive lies.

Where now, ah pity! where that sprightly play,
That wanton bounding, and exulting joy,
That lately welcomd the retourning ray, 345
When by the rivletts banks, with blushes coy,
April walkd forth—ah! never more to toy,
In purling streame, she pants, she gasps, and dies!
Ah me! how like the fortune of the boy,
His days of revel, and his nights of noise 350
Have left him now involvd, his lemman's haplesse prize.

See now the changes that attend her sway;
The park where rural elegance had placed
Her sweete retreat, where cunning art did play
Her happiest freaks, that nature undefaced 355
Received new charmes; ah, see, how foul disgraced
Now lies thilke park so sweetlie wyld afore!
Each grove and bowery walke be now laid waste;
The bowling-greene has lost its shaven flore,
And snowd with washing fuds now yawns beside the
dore. 360

All round the borders where the pansie blue,
Crocus, and polyanthus speckled fine,

And daffodils in fayre confusion grew
 Emong the rose-bush roots and eglantine;
 These now their place to cabbages resign, 365
 And tawdrie pease supply the lillys stead;
 Rough artichokes now bristle where the vine
 Its purple clusters round the windows spread,
 And laisie cucumbers on dung recline the head.

The fragrant orchard, once the summers pride, 370
 Where oft, by moonshine, on the daisie greene,
 In jovial daunce, or tripping side by side,
 Pomona and her buxom nymphs were seene;
 Or where the clear canal stretched out atweene, 374
 Deftly their locks with blossomes would they brede;
 Or resting by the primrose hillocks sheene,
 Beneath the apple boughs and walnut shade,
 They sung their loves the while the fruitage gaily spread.

The fragrant orchard at her dire command
 In all the pride of blossom strewd the plain; 380
 The hillocks gently rising through the land
 Must now no trace of natures steps retain;
 The clear canal, the mirrour of the swain,
 And bluish lake no more adorn the greene,
 Two durty watering ponds alone remain; 385
 And where the moss-floord filbert bowres had beene,
 Is now a turnip fielde and cow yarde nothing cleane.

An auncient crone, yclepd by housewives thrift,
 All this devidd for trim oeconomie;
 But^r certes, ever from her birth bereft 590
 Of elegance, ill fitts her title high:
 Coarse were her looks, yet smoothe her courtesie,
 Hoyden her shapes, but grave was her attyre,
 And ever fixt on trifles was her eye;
 And still she plodden round the kitchen fire, 395
 To save the smallest crombe her pleasure and desyre.

Bow-bent with eld, her steps were soft and slow,
 Fast at her side a bounch of keys yhong,
 Dull care sat brooding on her jealous brow,
 Sagacious proverbs dropping from her tongue: 400

Yet sparing though she beene her gwestes emong,
 Ought by herselfe that she mote gormandise,
 The foul curmudgeon would have that ere long,
 And hardly could her witt her gust suffice ;
 Albee in varied stream, still was it covetise. 405

Dear was the kindlie love which Kathrin bore
 This crooked Ronion, for in soothly guise
 She was her genius and her counsellor :
 Now cleanly milking-pails in careful wise
 Bedeck each room, and much can she despise 410
 The knights complaints, and thriftlesse judgment ill :
 Eke verfd in sales, right wondrous cheap she buys,
 Parlour and bedroom too her bargains fill ;
 Though useles, cheap they beene, and cheap she pur-
 chasd still.]

His tenants whilom been of thriftie kind, 415
 Did like to sing and worken all the day,
 At seed time never were they left behind,
 And at the harvest feast still first did play ;
 And ever at the terme their rents did pay,
 For well they knew to guide their rural geer : 420
 All in a row, yclad in homespun gray,
 They marchd to church each Sunday of the year,
 Their imps yode on afore, the carles brought up the
 rear.

Ah happy days ! but now no longer found :
 No more with social hospitable glee 425
 The village hearths at Christmas-tide resound,
 No more the Whitsun gamboll may you see,
 Nor morrice-daunce, nor May daye jollitie
 When the blythe maydens foot the deawy green ;
 But now, in place, heart-sinking penurie 430
 And hopelesse care on every face is seen,
 As these the drery times of curfeu bell had been.

For everie while, with thief-like lounging pace,
 And dark of look, a tawdrie villain came,
 Muttering some words with serious-meaning face, 435
 And on the church dore he would fix their name ;

Then, nolens volens, they must heed the same,
And quight those fieldes their yeomen grandfires plowd
Eer since black Edwards days, when, crownd with fame
From Cressiefield the knights old grandfire prow'd 440
Led home his yeomandre, and each his glebe allowd.

But now the ophan sees his harvest felde
Beneath the gripe of laws stern rapine fall,
The friendlesse widow, from her hearth expell'd,
Withdraws to some poor hut with earthen wall : 445
And these, perdie, were Kathrins projects all ;
For, sooth to tell, grievd was the knight full fore
Such sinful deeds to see : yet such his thrall,
Though he had pledged his troth, yet nathemore
It mote he keep, except she willd the same before. 450

Oh wondrous powre of womans wily art,
What for thy witchcraft too secure may be !
Not Circes cup may so transform the heart,
Or bend the will, fallacious powre, like thee ;
Lo, manly sense of princely dignitie, 455
Witch'd by thy spells, thy crouching slave is seen ;
Lo, high-browd honour bends the groveling knee,
And every bravest virtue, sooth I ween,
Seems like a blighted flowre of dank unlovely mien.

Ne may grim Saracene, nor Tartar man, 460
Such ruthlesse bondage on his slave impose,
As Kathrin on the knight full deffly can ;
Ne may the knight escape, or cure his woes ;
As he who dreams he climbs some mountains brows,
With painful struggling up the steep height strains, 465
Anxious he pants and toils, but strength forgoes
His feeble limbs, and not a step he gains ;
So toils the powrelesse knight beneath his servile chains.

His lawyer now assumes the guardians place ;
Learnd was thilk clerk in deeds, and passing flie : 470
Slow was his speeche, and solemn was his face
As that grave bird which Athens rankt so high
Pleasd dullness basking in his glossie eye,

The smyle would oft steal through his native phlegm ;
 And well he guards Syr Martyns propertie, 475
 Till not one peasant dares invade the game :
 But certes, seven yeares rent was soon his own just
 claim.

Now mortgage follows mortgage : Cold delay
 Still yawns on everie long depending case.
 The knights gay bloome the while slid fast away ; 480
 Kathrin the while brought bantling imps apace,
 While everie day renews his vile disgrace,
 And straitens still the more his galling thrall :
 See now what scenes his household hours debase ;
 And rise successive in his cheerlesse hall. 485
 So spake the seer, and prompt the scene obeyd his call.

See, quoth the wizard, how with foltering mien,
 And discomposd yon stranger he receives ;
 Lo, how with sulkie look, and moapt with spleen,
 His frowning mistresse to his friend behaves ; 490
 In vain he nods, in vain his hand he waves,
 Ne will she heed, ne will she sign obay ;
 Nor corner dark his awkward blushes faves,
 Ne may the hearty laugh, ne features gay :
 The hearty laugh, perdie, does but his pain betray.

A worthy wight his friend was ever known, 496
 Some generous cause did still his lips inspire ;
 He begs the knight by friendships long agone
 To shelter from his lawyers cruel ire
 An auncient hinde, arounde whose cheerlesse fire 500
 Sat Grief and pale Disease. The poor mans wrong
 Affects the knight : his inmost hearts desire
 Gleams through his eyes ; yet all confuld, and stung
 With inward pain he looks, and silence guards his
 tongue.

See, while his friend entreats and urges still, 505
 See, how with fidelong glaunce and haviour shy
 He steals the look to read his lemmans will,
 Watchfull the dawn of an assent to spy.
 Look as he will, yet will she not comply.

His friend with scorn beholds his awkward pain; 510
 From him even Pity turns her tear-dew'd eye,
 And hardlie can the bursting laugh restrain,
 While manlie honour frowns on his unmanlie stain.

Let other scenes now rise, the wizard said:
 He wav'd his hand, and other scenes arose. 515
 See there, quoth he, the knight supinely laid
 Invokes the household hours of learn'd repose;
 An auncient song its manly joys bestows:
 The melting passion of the Nutt-brown Mayde
 Glides through his breast; his wandering fancy glows,
 Till into wildest reveries betray'd, 521
 He hears th' imagin'd faire, and wooes the lovely shade.

Transported he repeats her constant vow,
 How to the green wode shade, betide whateer,
 She with her banished love would fearlesse goe, 525
 And sweet would be with him the hardest cheer.
 Oh heaven! he sighs, what blessings dwell sincere
 In love like this!—But instant as he sigh'd,
 Bursting into the room, loud in his ear
 His lemman thonders, Ah! fell dole betide 530
 The girl that trusts in man before she bees his bride!

And must some lemman of a whiffling song
 Delight your fancy! she disdainful cries;
 When strait her imps all brawling round her throng,
 And, bleard with teares, each for revenge applies: 535
 Him chief in spleene the father means chastise,
 But from his kindlie hand she saves him still;
 Yet for no fault, anon, in furious wise
 Yon yellow elfe she little spares to kill;
 And then, next breath, does all to coax his stubborn
 will. 540

Pale as the ghos'te that by the gleaming moon
 Withdraws the curtain of the murderers bed,
 So pale and cold at heart, as halfe aswoon
 The knight stares round; yet good nor bad he sed.
 Alas! though trembling anguish inward bled, 545

His best resolve soon as a meteor dies :
 His present peace and ease mote chance have fled,
 He deems ; and yielding, looks most wondrous wise,
 As from himself he hopd his grief and shame disguise.

Woe to the wight whose hated home no more 550

The hallowd temple of Content may be !

While now his days abroad with groomes he wore,

His mistresse with her liefest companie,

A rude unlettered herd ! with dearest glee,

Enjoys each whisper of her neighbours shame ; 555

And still anon the flask of ratifie

Improves their tales, till certes not a name [dame.

Escapes their blasting tongue, or goody, wench, or

One evening tide as with her crones she sate,

Making sweete solace of some scandall new, 560

A boisterous noise came thondring at the gate,

And soon a sturdy boy approachd in view ;

With gold far glitteraund were his vestments blue.

And pye-shapd hat, and of the silver sheen

An huge broad buckle glauncd in either shoe, 565

And round his neck an India kerchiefe clean,

And in his hand a switch : a jolly wight I ween.

Farre had he saild, and roamd the foame deepe,

Where ruddie Phœbus flacks his fire team ;

(With burning golde then flames th' ethereal steepe,

And oceans waves like molten silver seem) 571

Eke had he seen, with diamond glittering beam,

The starre of morne awake the roseate day,

While yet beneath the moon old Nilus stream

Pale through the land reflects the gleamy ray, 575

As through the midnight skyes appeares the milky way.

Through the Columbian world, and verdant ile

Unknown to Carthage, had he frequent sped,

Eke had he beene where flowry sommer smiles

At Christmas tide, where other heavens are spread, 580

Besprent with starres that Newton never red,

Where in the North the sun of noone is seen:

Wherever Hannos bold ambition led,

Wherever Gama faild, there had he beene,
Gama*, the dearling care of Beautys heavenly queene.

Eke had he plied the rivers and the coast 586

Where bold Nearch young Ammons fleet did guide ;

A task so dred the world-subduing host

Could not another for such feats provide :

And often had he seen that ocean wide, 590

Which to his wearie bands thilke youth did say,

None but th' immortal gods had ever spy'd ;

Which sight, quoth he, will all your toils repay :

That none mote see it more als he the gods did pray†.

Through these outlandish shores and oceans dire 595

For ten long seasons did the younkling toil, [fire,

Through stormes, through tempests, and the battels

Through cold, through heat, cheerd by the hope the

Of yet revisiting his natal soil : [while

And oft, when flying in the monsoon gale, 600

By Æthiopias coast or Javas ile,

When glauncing over Oceans bosom pale,

The ship hung on the winds with broad and steadie sail :

Hung on the winds as from his ayrie flight,

With wide-spred wing unmovd, the eagle bends, 605

When, on old Snowdons brow prepar'd to light,

Sailing the liquid skye he sheer descends :

Thus oft, when roving farre as wave extends,

The scenes of promist blifs would warm the boy ;

To meet his brother with each wish yblends, 610

And friendships glowing hopes each thought employ ;

And now at home arrivd his heart dilates with joy.

Around the meadows and the park he looks,

To spy the streamlett or the elm-tree shade,

Where oft at eve, beneath the cawing rooks, 615

He with his feres in merry childhoode playd :

But all was changd !—Unweetingly dismayd

A cold foreboding impulse thrills his breast ;

And who but Kathrin now is dearnly frayd

* See the Lusiad.

† For this speech to his army, and prayer of Alexander, see Q. Curtius

When entering in the kens the stranger guest : 620
Then with sad mien she rose, and kindlie him embrast.

Great marvell at her solemn cheer he made ;
Then, sobbing deepe, Glad will Syr Martyn be,
Faire Syr, of your retourne, she gently said ;
But what mishap ! our infant familie, 625
The dearest babes, though they were nought to me,
That ever breathd, are laid in deadlie plight !
What shall we do !—great were your courtesie
To lodge in yonder tenants house to night ; fright.
The skilfull leache forbids that noise my babes should

Blunt was the boy, and to the farne-house nigh 631
To wait his brother, at her bidding fares,
Conducted by a gossip pert and fly :
Kathrin the while her malengines prepares.
Now gan the duske suspend the plowmans cares, 635
When from his rural sportes arrives the knight ;
Soon with his mates the jovial bowl he shares,
His hall resounds !—amazd the stranger wight
Arreads it all as done to him in fell despight.

Late was the houre whenas the knight was tould 640
Of stranger guest ; Go, bid him welcome here ;
What seeks he there ? quoth he, Perdie, what would
You seek ? says to the boy the messenger.
To see the knight, quoth he, I but requere.
Syr Knight, he scorns to come ; the servant said. 645
Go bid him still, quoth he, to welcome cheer :
But all contrarywise the saytor made,
Till rage enflam'd the boy ; and still his rage they fed :

Your brother, quoth the hostesse, soon will waste
His fair estate ; and certes well I read, 650
He weens to hold your patrimonie fast.
Next morne a lawyer been ybrought with speed,
And wise he lookt, and wisely shook his hede.
Him now impowrd, the youth with rage yblent
Vows never to retourne ; then mounts his steed, 655
And leaves the place in fancy hugely shent [tent.
All which to Kathrins mind gave wondrous great con-

CANTO II.

In mnsful stound Syr Martyn rews
 His youthbedes thoughtlesse stage ;
 But dissipation haunts him to
 The blossomes of old age.

WITH gracefull pause awhile the wizzard stood,
 Then thus resum'd :—As he whose homeward
 way

Lies through the windings of some verdant wood ;
 Through many a mazy turn and arbour gay
 He sues the flowery steps of jollie May, 5
 While through the openings many a lawnskepe new
 Bursts on his sight ; yet, never once astray,
 Still home he wends : so we our theme pursue,
 Through many a bank and bowre close following still
 our cue.

Soothd by the murmurs of a plaintive streame, 10
 A wyld romantick dell its fragrance shed ;
 Safe from the thonder showre and scorching beame
 Their faerie charmes the summer bowres displaid ;
 Wyld by the bancks the bashfull cowslips spread,
 And from the the rock above each ivied seat 15
 The spotted foxgloves hung the purple head,
 And lowlie vilets kist the wanderers feet :
 Sure never Hyblas bees rovd through a wild so sweet.

As winds the streamlett serpentine along,
 So leads a solemn walk its bowry way, 20
 The pale-leaved palms, and darker limes among,
 To where a grotto lone and secret lay ;
 The yellow broome, where chirp the linnets gay,
 Waves round the cave ; and to the blue-streakd skyes
 A shatterd rock towres up in fragments gray : 25
 The shee goat from its height the lanskape eyes,
 And calls her wanderd young—the call each banck
 replies.

Here oft the knight had past the sommers morne,
 What time the wondring boy to manhood rose,

When Fancy first her lanskepess gan adorne, 30
And Reasons folded budds their flowres disclose,
What time young Transport through the spirits flows
When Nature smyles with charmes unseen before,
When with unwonted hopes the blossome glows,
While wingd with whirlwind speed the thoughts ex-
plore 35

The endlesse wylde of joys that youth beholds in store.

The Dryads of the place, that nurst the flowres,
And hung the dew-drop in the hyacinth's bell,
For him employ'd their virtue breathing powres,
And Cambrias genius bade his worth excell. 40

His youthfull breast confest the wondrous spell;
His generous temper warm'd with fayre design,
The friend and patriot now his bosome swell,
The lover and the father now combine,
And smyling visions form, where blis and honour join.

Of these loved soothings this the loved retreat 46
Must now no more with dreams of blis decoy;
Yet here he liken still himself to meet,
Though woes, a gloomy train, his thoughts employ:
Oh lost to peace, he sighs, unhappy boy! 50
Oh lost to every worth that life adorns!—

Oh lost to peace, to elegance, and joy!
The aërial genius of the cave returns,
Whiles in the bubbling rill the plaintive Naiade mourns.

Thus as he spake the magic lawnskepe rose, 55
The dell, the grotto, and the broom-clad hill;
See, quoth the wizard, where the knight bestows
An houre to thought and Reason's whispers still;
Whiles, as a nightly vision boding ill,
Seen with pale glymps by lonely wandering swayne,
Truth, gleaming through the fogs of biast will, 61
Frowns on him sterne, and honest shame gins fayne
In her reflective glass his life's ignoble straine.

His earlie hopes she shews and shews againe;
How oft hast thou, she cries, indignant viewd 65

The titled cypher and his solemn train,
 The busie face, and dull sollicitude,
 That, ever plodding in important mood.
 Has not a soul to reach one noble aim,
 Nor soul, not wish—whose vacant mind endewd 70
 With not one talent, yet would lewdly claim
 For his vile leaden bust the sacred wreath of fame :

Who to the patron's lawrells would aspire,
 By labouring in the British clime to rear
 Those arts that quencht proud Rome's patrician fire,
 And bowd her prone beneath the Gothick spear ; 76
 Illustrious cares ! befitting patriot peer !
 Italian sing-song, and the eunuchs squall !
 Such arts as soothd the base unmanly ear
 Of Greece and Persia, bending to their fall ; 80
 When Freedome bled unwept, and scorne was Glorys
 call.

While these thy breast with scorne indignant fird,
 What other views before thee would disclose !
 As Fancy painted and thy wish inspird,
 What glorious scenes beneath thy shades arose ! 85
 Britannias gardens here dispell her woes,
 Forming her laws, her artes, with godlike toil ;
 There Albion, smyling on her learnd repose,
 Sees manly genius in ther influence smile, [ile.
 And spread the hallowd streames of virtue round the

How blest, ah heaven ! such selfe approving houres,
 Such views still opening, still extending higher, 92
 Cares whence the state derives its firmest powres ;
 And scenes where Friendship sheds his purest fire ?
 And did, ah shame ! these hopes in vain expire 95
 A morning dreame !—As lorn the spendthrift stands,
 Who sees the fieldes bequeathd him by his fire,
 His own no more, now reapt by strangers hands ;
 So languid must I view faire Honoure's fertile lands.

Silence would then ensue, perhaps reclind 100
 On the greene margin of the streame he lay,

While softlie stealing on his languid mind
 Th' ideal scene would hold a moments sway,
 And the domestick houre all smyles display,
 Where fixt esteeme the fond discourse inspires : 105
 Now through his heart would glide the sprightlie ray
 Where married love bids light his purest fires,
 Where Elegance presides, and wakes the young Desires.

Straight to his brawling lemman turns his mind ;
 Shock'd he beholds the odious colours rise, 110
 Where selfishnesse, low pride, and spleen, combin'd,
 Bid every anguishd thought his mate despise,
 His mate, unformd for sweet affections ties :
 Grovling indelicate—Stung to the heart
 His indignation heaves in stifled sighs ; 115
 But soon his passion bursts with suddein start :
 His children strike his thoughts with lively pierfant
 smart.

The mothers basnesse in their deeds he sees,
 And all the wounded father swells his breast :
 Suddein he leaves the cave and mantling trees, 120
 And up the furzie hill his footsteps haste,
 While fullenly he soothes his soul to rest :
 Meantime the opening prospect wide he gains,
 Where, crownd with oake, with meadow flowres
 His British chaplet, buxom Summer reigns, [ydrest,
 And waves his mantle greene farre round the smyling
 plains. 126

Still as he slow ascends, the bounteous farms,
 And old grey towres of rural churches rise,
 The fields still lengthening shew their crowded charms
 In fayre perspective and in richest guise : 130
 His sweeping scythe the white-sleevd mower plies,
 The plowman through the fallow guides his teame,
 Acrosse the wheaten felde the milkmayde hies,
 To where the kine foreby the reedy streame,
 With frequent lowe to plaine of their full udders seeme.
 See now the knight arrives where erst an oak 136
 Dan Æols blustering stormes did long repell,

Till witchd it was, when by an headlong flock,
 As the hoar fathers of the village tell,
 With horrid crash on All Saints eve it fell : 140
 But from its trunk soon sprouting saplings rose,
 And round the parent stock did shadowy swell ;
 Now aged trees, they bend their twisted boughs,
 And by their moss-green roots invite the swain's re-
 pose.

Here on a bending knare he pensive leens, 145
 And round the various lawnskepe range his eyes ;
 There stretch the corny fieldes in various greens,
 Farre as the sight : there to the peaceful skies
 The darkning pines and dewy poplars rise :
 Behind the wood a dark and heathy lea, 150
 With sheep faire spotted farre extended lies,
 With here and there a lonelie blasted tree :
 And from between two hills appears the duskie sea.

Bright through the fleeting clouds the sunny ray
 Shifts o'er the fields, now gilds the woody dale, 155
 The flocks now whitten, now the ocean bay
 Beneath the radiance glistens clear and pale ;
 And white from farre appears the frequent sail,
 By Traffic spread. Moord where the land divides,
 The British red cross waving in the gale, 160
 Hulky and black a gallant warre ship rides,
 And over the greene wave with lordly port presides.

Fixt on the bulwark of the British powre
 Long gaz'd the knight, with fretful languid air ;
 Then thus, indulging the reflective houre, 165
 Pours forth his soul : Oh glorious happy care !
 To bid Britania's navies greatly dare,
 And through the vassal seas triumphant reign,
 To either India waft victorious warre,
 To join the poles in Trade's unbounded chain, 170
 And bid the British throne the mighty whole sustain.

With what superiour lustre and command
 May stedfast zeal in Albion's senate shine !

What glorious lawrells court the patriots hand !
 How base the hand that can such meed decline ! 175
 And was, kind fate ! to snatch these honours mine ?
 Yes, greene they spread, and faire they bloomd for me ;
 Thy birth and duty bade the chief be thine ;
 Oh lost, vain trifler, lost in each degree !
 Thy country never turnd her hopefull eyes on thee.

Yet, how the fielde of worth luxurious smiles ! 181
 Nor Africk yields, nor Chilys earth contains
 Such funds of wealth as crown the plowmans toils,
 And tinge with waving gold Britannias plains ;
 Even on her mountains cheerful plenty reigns, 185
 And wildly grand her fleecy wardrope spreads,
 What noble meed the honest statesman gains,
 Who through these publique nerves new vigour sheds,
 And bids the useful arts exalt their drooping heads :

Who, founding on the plough and humble loome 190
 His countrys greatnesse, sees, on every tide,
 Her fleets the umpire of the world assume,
 And spread her justice as her glories wide—
 Oh wonder of the world, and fairest pride,
 Britannias fleet ! how long shall pity mourn 195
 And stain thy honours, from his weeping bride
 And starving babes, how long inhuman torn
 Shall the bold sailor mount thy decks with heart forlorn.

Forlorn with sinking heart his task he plies,
 His brides distresse his restlesse fancy sees, 200
 And fixing on the land his earnest eyes,
 Cold is his breast and faint his manly knees.
 Ah ! hither turn, ye sons of courtlie ease,
 And let the brave mans wrongs, let interest plead ;
 Say, while his arme his country's fate decrees, 205
 Say, shall a fathers anguish be his meed ; [deed ?
 His wrongs unnerve his soul, and blight each mighty

Whatever party boasts thy glorious name,
 O thou reservd by heaven's benign decree
 To blast those arts that quench the British flame, 210
 And bid the meanest of the land be free ;

Oh, much humanity shall owe to thee!
 And shall that palm unenvy'd still remain!
 And hear, ye lordlings, each severitie
 And every woe the labouring tribes sustain, 215
 Upbraids the man of powre, and dims his honours vain.

While thus the knight's long smother'd fires broke forth,
 The rousing musicke of the horne he hears
 Shrill echoing through the wold; and by the north
 Where bends the hill, the sounding chace appears;
 The hounds with glorious peal salute his ears, 225
 And wood and dale rebound the swelling lay;
 The youths on courfers fleet as fallow deers
 Pour through the downs, while, foremost of the fray,
 Away! the jolly huntsman cries, and Echoe sounds away!

Now han the beagles scourd the bushy ground, 226
 Till where a brooke strays hollow through the bent,
 When all confus'd, and snuffing wyldlie round,
 In vain their fretfull haste explord the scent:
 But Reynards cunning all in vain was spent; 230
 The huntsman from his stand his arts had spyd,
 Had markt his doublings and his shrewd intent,
 How both the bancks he trac'd, then backward plyd
 His track some twenty roods, then bounding sprong
 aside.

Eke had he markt where to the broome he crept, 235
 Where, hearkening everie sound, an hare was laid;
 Then from the thickest bush he flylie lept,
 And wary scuds along the hawthorne shade.
 Till by the hills slant foot he earths his head
 Amid a briarie thicket. Emblem meet 240
 Of wylie statesman of his foes adred;
 He oft misguides the peoples rage, I weet,
 On others, whilst himself winds off with flie deceit.

The cunning huntsman now cheers on his pack,
 The lurking hare is in an instant slain: 245
 Then opening loud, the beagles scent the track
 Right to the hill; while thondering through the plain
 With blythe huzzas advance the jovial train;

And now the groomes and squires, cowherds and boys,
 Beat round and round the brake ; but all in vain 250
 Their poles they ply, and vain their oathes and noise.
 Till plunging in his den the terrier fiercely joys.

Expell'd his hole, upstarts to open sky
 The villain bold, and wildly glares around :
 Now here, now there, he bends his knees to fly, 255
 As oft recoils to guard from backward wound,
 His frothie jaws he grinds—with horrid sound
 The pack attonce rush on him : foming ire,
 Fierce at his throte and sides hangs many a hound ;
 His burning eyes flash wylde red sparckling fire, 260
 Whiles weltring on the fwaird his breath and strength
 expire.

Straight to Syr Martyns hall the hunters bend,
 The knight perceives it from his oak-crownd hill,
 Down the steep furzie height he slow gan wend,
 With troublous thoughts keen ruminating still ; 265
 While grief and shame by turns his bosom fill.
 And now, perchd proudlie on the topmost spray,
 The footy blackbird chaunts his vespers shrill ;
 While Twilight spreads his robe of sober grey, [way.
 And to their bowres the rooks loud cawing wing their

And bright behind the Cambrian mountains hore 271
 Flames the red beam ; while on the distant east
 Led by her starre, the horned moone looks o'er
 The bending forest, and with rays increast
 Ascends, while trembling on the dappled west 275
 The purple radiance shifts and dies away ;
 The willows, with a deeper green imprest,
 Nod o'er the brooks ; the brooks with gleamy ray
 Glide on, and holy Peace assumes her woodland sway.

All was repose, all but Syr Martyns breast ; 280
 There passions tearing gusts tempestuous rise.
 Are these, he murmurs, these my friends ! the best
 That crowd my hall ! the sonnes of madning noise,
 Whose warmest friendship with the revel dies ?

Whose glee it were my dearest peace destroy, 285
 Who with my woes could sport, my wrongs despise ;
 Could round my coffin pledge the cup of joy, [ploy.
 And on my crimes, even then, their base-tongue witt em-
 Whose converse oft, as fulsom bawdrie fails,
 Takes up the barkings of impiety, 290
 The scepticks wild disjointed dreams retails
 These modern ravings of philosophy,
 Made drunk, the cavil, the detected ly,
 The witt of ignorance, and gloss unfair,
 Which honest dullness would with shame deny ; 295
 The hope of baseness vaumpt in candours air :
 Good Heaven ! are such the friends that to my hearth
 repair !

The man of worth shuns thy reputelesse dore
 Even the old peasant shakes his silverd head,
 Old saws and stories babbling evermore, 300
 And adding still, alas, those days be fled !
 Here indignation pausd, when, up the glade,
 Pale through the trees his household smoke ascends ;
 Waked at the sight, his brothers wrongs upbraid
 His melting heart, and grief his bosome rends : 305
 And now the keen resolve its gleaming comfort lends.

Perdie, now were I bent on legends fine
 My knight should rise the flowre of chivalrie,
 Brave as Syr Arthegal or Valentine,
 Another saint George England then should see, 310
 Britannias genius should his Sabra bee,
 Chained to the rock by dragon to be slain ;
 But he the virgin princeesse soon should free,
 And stretch the monster breathlesse on the plain ;
 Bribery, the dragon huge, should never rise again. 315

Eke should he, freed from foul enchaunters spell
 Escape his false dueffas magicke charms,
 And folly quaid, yclepd an hydra fell,
 Receive a beauteous lady to his arms ;
 While bardes and minstrales chaunt the soft alarms
 Of gentle love, unlike his former thrall. 321

Eke should I sing, in courtly cunning terms,
The gallant feast, servd up by seneshall,
To knights and ladies gent in painted bowre and hall.

But certes, while my tongue fayre truth indites 325
And does of human frailtie soothly tell,
Unmeet it were indulge the daintie flights
Of phantasie, that never yet befell:
Uneath it is long habits to expell,
Ne may the best good heart its blifs secure, 330
Ne may the lively powre of judging well,
In arduous worthy deed long time endure,
Where dissipation once has fixt her footing sure.

Such was the powre that angry Jove bestowd
On this faire nympe: the legend thus is told. 335
To Dians care her life her mother owd;
Faire Dian found her naked on the wold,
Some peasants babe, exposed to deadlie cold,
And to a favourite satyr gave to rear:
Then, when the nymph was fifteen spring-times old,
Equipt her with the bow and huntresse spear, 341
And of her woodland traine her made a welcome fere.

But ill her mind received chaste Phœbes lore,
Fain would she at the chace still lag behind:
One sultry noone, as Phœbe sped afore, 345
Beneath a leafy vine the nymph reclind,
And, fan my breast, she cried, O western wind!
Soon as the wish-for word Favonius came.
From that day forth the conscious nymph declind
The near inspection of the sovereign dame; 350
Till mid the chace, one morne, her throes betrayd her
shame.

Her throes with scorne the taunting dryads eyd,
The nymph changd colour, and hung down her head;
Still change thy blushing hue, the goddess cry'd:
Forthwith a freezing languor gan invade 355
Her limbs; and now, with suddein leaves arrayd
A Russian poppey she transmed remains;
The various colours ever rise and fade,

The tints still shifting mock the painters pains ;
And still her drowfie mood the beauteous nymph retains.

Meanwhile his new-born elfe Favonius bore, 361
Soft lapt, on balmy pinions farre away ;
And with the fawns, by Peneus flowery shore,
From earliest youth the laughing imp did play,
Forever fluttering, debonair, and gay, 365
And restless, as the dove Deucalion sent
To spy if peering oake did yet bewray
Its braunching head above the flooded bent ;
But ydlie beating round, the day in vain was spent.

When now the nymph to riper yeares gan rise, 370
To fayre Parnassus groves she took her flight ;
There culling flowretts of a thousand dyes,
Still did her head with tawdry girlonds dight ;
As soon the wreath ill sorted would she quight :
Ne ever did she climb the twyforkt hill, 375
Ne could her eyen explore in lofty height,
Ne did she ever taste the sacred rill
From inspirations fount that ever doth distil.

Her sprightly levitie was from her syre,
Her drowfy dulness from her mother sprong ; 380
This never would allow her mind aspyre,
That never would allow her patience long,
Thus as she slightly rovd the lawns among,
High Jove beheld her from his starry seat,
And call'd her Dissipation : wylde and young 385
Still shalt thou be, he said ; and this thy fate,
On man thy sleights employ, on man that proud ingrate.

All happinesse he claims his virtues due,
And holds him injurd when my care denies
The fondling wish, whence sorrow would ensue ; 390
And idle still his prayers invade my skies :
But bold and arduous must that virtue rise
Which I accept, no vague inconstant blaze.
Then be it thine to spread before his eyes
Thy changing colours, and thy wylde-fire rays, 395
And fruitlesse still shall be that virtue thou canst daze.

So swore the god, by gloomy Styx he swore :
The fates assented; and the dæmon flew
Right to the seats of men. The robe she wore
Was starrd with dewdrops, and of palest blue ; 400
Faire round her head playd many a beauteous hue,
As when the rainbow through the bean-flowres plays ;
The fleeting tints the swaynes with wonder view,
And ween to snatch a prize beneath the rays ;
But through the meadows dank the beauteous meteor
strays. 405

So shone the nymph, and prank in pleasures guise
With wylie traines the sonnes of earth beset ;
Goodnesse of heart before her yawns and dies,
And friendship ever feels the drowfie fitt
Just when his powre to serve could serve a whitt. 410
And still behind her march Remorse and Shame
That never will their yron scourge remitt,
Whenso the fiend resigns her thralls to them :
Sad case, I weet, where still onefelse onefelse must blame.

Long had the knight to her his powres resignd ; 415
In wanton dalliance first her nett she spred,
And soon in mirthful tumult on his mind
She softlie stole : yet, while at times he sped
To contemplations bowre, his sight she fled ;
Ne on the mountaintt with him durst bide ; 420
Yet homewards still she mett him in the glade,
And in the social cup did flily glide,
And still his best resolve eftsoons she scatterd wide.

And now, as slowly sauntering up the dale
He homeward wends, in heavie musefull stowre, 425
The smooth deceiver gan his heart assail ;
His heart soon felt the fascinating powre :
Old Cambrias genius markt the fatal houre,
And tore the girlond from her sea-greene hair.
The conscious oakes above him rustling lowre, 430
And through the branches sighs the gloomy air,
As when indignant Jove rejects the flamens prayer.

The dryads of the grove, that oft had fir'd
 His opening mind with many a raptured dream,
 That oft his evening wanderings had inspir'd, 435
 All by the silent hill or murmuring stream,
 Forfake him now; for all as lost they deem:
 So homeward he wends; where, wrapt in jollitie,
 His hall to keepen holiday mote seem,
 And with the hunters soon full blythe was he, 440
 The blytheft wight of all that blythsome companie.

As when th' autumnal morne with ruddy hue
 Looks through the glen besprent with silver hore,
 Across the stubble, brushing off the dew,
 The younkling fowler gins the fields explore, 445
 And, wheeling oft, his pointer veres afore,
 And oft, sagacious of the tainted gale,
 The fluttering bird betrays; with thundering rore
 The shott resounds, loud echoing through the dale;
 But still the younkling kills nor partridge, snipe, nor
 quail. 450

Yet still the quaint excuse is at command;
 The dog was rash, a swallow twittered by,
 The gun hung fire, and keenness shook his hand,
 And there the wind or bushes hurt his eye.
 So can the knight his mind still satisfie: 455
 A lazie fiend, self imposition hight,
 Still whispers some excuse, some gilden lye!
 Himself did gild to cheat himselfe outright:
 God help the man bewitchd in such ungracious plight.

On dissipation still this treachor waits, 460
 Obsequiously behind at distance due;
 And still to Discontents accursed gates,
 The house of sorrow, these ungodlike two,
 Conduct their fainty thralls—Great things to do
 The knight resolv'd, but never yet could find 465
 The proper time, while still his miseries grew:
 And now these demons of the captive mind
 Him to the dreary cave of discontent resign'd.

Deep in the wyldes of Faerie Lond it lay ;
 Wide was the mouth, the rooffe all rudely rent ; 470
 Some parts receive, and some exclude the day,
 For deep beneath the hill its caverns went :
 The ragged walls with lightning seemd ybrent,
 And loathlie vermin ever crept the flore :
 Yet all in sight, with towres and castles gent, 475
 A beauteous lawnskepe rose afore the dore,
 The which to view so fayre the captives grieved fore.

All by the gate, beneath a pine shade bare,
 An owl-frequented bowre, some tents were spred ;
 Here sat a throng, with eager furious stare 480
 Rattling the dice ; and there, with eyes half dead,
 Some drowfie dronkards, looking black and red,
 Dozd out their days : and by the path-way green
 A sprightlie troupe still onward heedlesse sped,
 In chace of butterflies alert and keen ; 485
 Honours, and wealth, and powre, their butterflies I
 ween.

And oft, disgustfull of their various cares,
 Into the cave they wend with sullen pace ;
 Each to his meet apartment dernly fares ;
 Here, all in raggs, in piteous plight most bace, 490
 The dronkard fitts ; there, shent with foul disgrace.
 The thriftlesse heir ; and o'er his reeking blade
 Red with his friends heart gore, in woefull cace
 The duellist raves ; and there, on vetchie bed,
 Crazd with his vain pursuits, the maniack bends his head.

Yet round his gloomy cell with chalk he scrawls 496
 Ships, coaches, crownes, and eke the gallow tree,
 All that he wisht or feard his ghastly walls
 Present him still, and mock his miserie.
 And there, self-doomd, his cursed self to flee, 500
 The gamester hangs in corner murk and dread ;
 Nigh to the ground bends his ungracious knee ;
 His drooping armes and white-reclining head
 Lim seen, cold horror gleams athwart th' unhallowed
 shade.

Near the dreare gate, beneath the rifted rock, 505
The keeper of the cave all haggard satt,
His pining corse a restless ague shook,
And blistering sores did all his carkas fret:
And with himselfe he seemd in keen debate;
For still the muscles of his mouth he drew 510
Ghastly and fell; and still with deepe regrate
He lookd him around, as if his heart did rew
His former deeds, and mournd full sore his sores to view.

Yet not himself, but Heavens Great King he bland
And dard his wisdom and his will arraign; 515
For boldly he the ways of God blasphemd,
And of blind governaunce did loudly plain,
While vild self-pity would his eyes distraign,
As when an wolfe, entrapt on village ground,
In dread of death ygnaws his limb in twain, 520
And views with scalding tears his bleeding wound,
Such fierce selfe-pity still this wights dire portance
crownd.

Near by there stood an hamlett in the dale,
Where in the silver age content did wonne;
This now was his: yet all mote nought avail, 525
His loathing eyes that place did ever shun;
But ever through his neighbours laws would run,
Where every goodlie felde thrice goodlie seemd.
Such was this weary wight all woe-begone;
Such was his life; and thus of things he deemd; 530
And such like was his cave that all with sorrowes teemd.

To this fell carle gay dissipation led,
And in his dreary purlieus left the knight.
From the dire cave fain would the knight have fled,
And fain recalld the treachrous nymph from flight, 535
But now the late obtruder shuns his sight,
And dearly must be wooed: hard by the den,
Where listless Bacchus had his tents ypight,
A tranfient visit sometimes would he gain,
While wine and merry song beguild his inward pain.

Yet, ever as he reard his flombering head, 541
 The ghastly tyrant at his couch stood near ;
 And ay with ruthless clamour gan upbraid,
 And words that would his very heartstrings tear :
 See now, he sayes, where setts thy vain career : 545
 Approaching elde now wings its cheerlesse way,
 Thy fruitlesse autumn gins to blanch the heare.
 An aged winter asks from youth its stay ;
 But thine comes poore of joy, comes with unhonoured
 gray.

Thou hast no friend !—still on the worthlesse train 550
 Thy kindnesse flowd, and still with scorne repaid ;
 Even she on whom thy favours heapt remain,
 Even she regards thee with a bosome dead
 To kindly passion, and by motives led
 Such as the planter of his negroe deems ; 555
 What profit still can of the wretch be made
 Is all his care, of more he never dreams :
 So farre remote from her thy troubles she esteems.

Thy children too ! Heavens ! what a hopelesse sight ;
 Ah, wretched fyre !—but ever from this scene 560
 The wretched fyre precipitates his flight,
 And in the bowls wyld fever shuns his teene,
 So pass his days, while what he might have been
 Its beauteous views does every morne present :
 So passe his dayes, while still the raven spleen 565
 Croaks in his eares, the brightest parts mispent
 Beget an hoarie age of grief and discontent.

But boast not of superior shrewd addresse,
 Ye who can calmly spurn the ruind mayd,
 Ye who unmovd can view the deepe distresse, 570
 That crushes to the dust the parents head,
 And rends that easie heart by you betrayd,
 Boast not that ye his numerous woes askew ;
 Ye who unawd the nuptial couch invade,
 Boast not his weaknesse with contempt to view ;
 For worthy is he still compard, perdie, to you. 576

GLOSSARY.

A.

ACCLOYD, disgusted, cloyed.
Adred, frightened. Anglo Sax. *Adrædan*.
Agone, ago.
Albee, although.
Als, also.
Arread, interpret.
Attonce, at once, together.
Atweene, between.
Ay, always.

B.

Bale, harm, sorrow.
Beene, frequently used by the old poets for the indicative imperfect of the verb *To be*.
Beseene, becoming.
Blin, cease, *bliinnan*. Sax.
Brede, to knit, plait, *bredan*. Sax.

C.

Carle, old man.
Certes, certainly, truly.
Chorle, a peasant.
Clept, called, named,
Covetise, avarice.

D.

Dan, a prefix, *quasi* Mr.
Dearling, darling.
Defly, neatly, finely.
Depeinten, figured, displayed.
Dearnly, sadly, secretly.
Dight, adorned, clad.
Dreare, dismal, frightful.

E.

Eftsoons, by and bye, forthwith.
Eke, also.
Eld, age.
Else, young one, child.
Erst, formerly.
Eyen, eyes.

F.

Fay, fairy.
Frytor, villain, deceiver.
Fae, companion.
Forby, beside, near to.
Fordone, undone, ruined.
Forefend, to guard beforehand.
Fray, tumult, bustle.
Frayd, afraid.

G.

Geer, furniture, tackle.
Gent, fine, noble.
Gin, gan, begin, began.
Glen, a dell, a hollow, between two hills.
Goody, a countrywoman.

H.

Han, preterite plural of the verb, *To have*.
Heare, hair. Often used by Spenser.
Hight, called, is called, was called, or named.
Hoyden, flattern, coarse.

I.

Imp, infant, child.
Jolliment, merriment.

K.

Ken, v. to see.
Knare, a knotty arm of a tree. *Dryd*.

L.

Leach, physician.
Lemman, mistress, concubine.
Lever, rather.
Lewdly, basely, foolishly.
Liefest, dearest.

M.

Malengines, persons villainously employed, toad-eaters.
Meint, mingled.
Merrimake, pastime.
Mery, pleasant.
Moe, more.
Mote, v. might, *mot*. Sax.
Murk, dark.

M

N.

Natbemore, not the more.

Natblesse, nevertheless, *natheles*. Sax.

Native, natural.

Ne, nor.

Nolens volens, willing, or unwilling.

P.

Perdie, an asseveration, *quasi* verily.

Piersant, piercing.

Portaunce, behaviour, manner.

Prankt, adorned.

Propine, recompense.

Q.

Quaid, quelled, conquered.

Quight, to quit, leave.

R.

Read, to warn, to prophesy.

Recks, heeds, cares for.

Requere, require. Often used by Spenser.

Rew, to repent.

Ruth, ruthless, pity, pityless.

S.

Salews, salutes.

Sell, saddle.

Semblaunce, appearance.

Seneshall, master of ceremonies, steward.

Sheen, bright, shining, fine.

Shent, disgraced, *scende scendid*. Sax.

Skyen, adj. sky.

Sooth, *soothly*, truth, truly.

Stownd, } emotion, fit, stir, *seyrian*. Sax.
Stowre, }

Straine, tenor.

Sues, pursues, follows.

T.

Teen, grief, sorrow.

Thewes, habits, manners.

Thilk, this, that.

Traines, devices, traps.

Transme-wd, changed, transformed.

Treachor, traitor, deceiver.

Troublous, troublesome.

U.

Uneath, not easy, difficult.

V.

Vild, vile.

W.

Wareless, unsuspecting.

Wassal, festive.

Ween, *weend*, or *wend*, think, deemed.

Wend, move, go.

Weet, much the same as *ween*.

Weetless, thoughtless.

Whilom, formerly, *hwilum*. Sax.

a Whitt, a jot, any thing, *hwit* *aliquid*.

Whileare, erewhile, *hwilæan*. Sax.

Wight, person, *wiht*. Sax.

Wilding, the crab-tree.

Wonne, to dwell.

Wreathfull, revengeful.

Y.

Yblende, mixes.

Yblent, blinded.

Yorent, burnt.

Yclept, called, named.

Yfere, together.

Ygoe, formerly.

Yode, went.

Youthhede, *quasi* youthhood.

Youthly, lively, youthful.

Ypight, placed, fixed.

Ywis, truly, verily.

The letter *Y* in all the old English poets is frequently prefixed to verbs and verbal adjectives, but without any particular signification. The use of it is purely Saxon, though after the Conquest the *ge* gave place to the Norman *y*. It is always to be pronounced as the pronoun *ye*.

Spenser has also frequently followed the Saxon formation, in adding the letter *N* to his verbs, as *tellen*, *worken*, &c. When affixed to a substantive, it forms the plural number, as *eyen*, *eyes*, &c.

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The utility of essay writing is so forcibly described by Dr. Johnson, that we shall introduce his ideas upon the subject, in an extract from his works.

“ Before the *Tatler* and *Spectator* (if the writers for the Theatre are excepted) England had no masters of common life. No writers had yet undertaken to reform either the savageness of neglect, or the impertinence of civility; to teach when to speak, or to be silent; how to refuse, or how to comply. We wanted not books to teach us our more important duties, and to settle opinions in philosophy and politics; but an *Arbiter Elegantiarum*, a judge of propriety, was yet wanting, who should survey the track of daily conversation, and free it from those thorns and prickles which tease life's passenger, though they do not wound him. For this purpose there is not any means so proper as the frequent publications of short papers, which we read not as study, but amusement. If the subject be slight, the treatise likewise is short. The busy may find time, and the idle may find patience.”

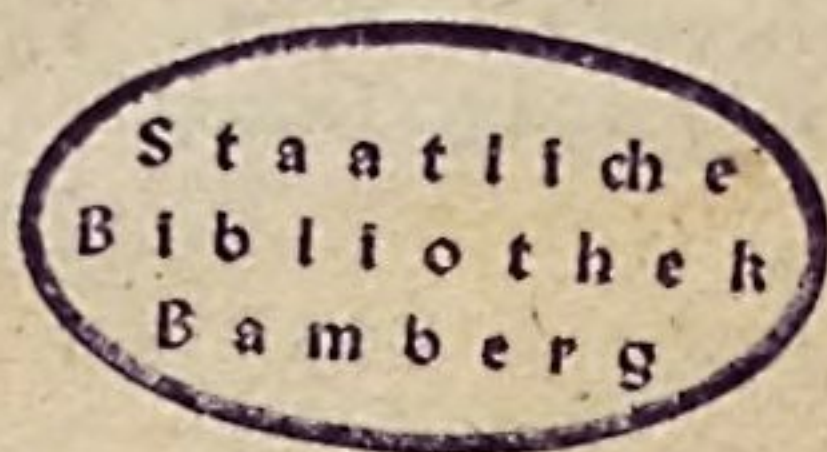
Mrs.

Mrs. Piozzi, in her anecdotes, speaking of Dr. Johnson's *Rambler*, has these words : "that ample repository of moral wisdom, and accurate criticism, breathes, indeed, the genuine emanations of its great Author's mind; expressed too in a style so natural to him, and so much like his common mode of conversing, that I was myself but little astonished, when he told me that he had scarcely read over one of those inimitable Essays, before they went to the press."

The serious papers in his *Idler*, if inferior to those in the *Rambler* in sublimity and splendor, are distinguished by the same instructive tendency, and lead to the same great end, of diffusing wisdom, virtue, and happiness. The humorous papers are light and lively, and wrote more in the manner of Addison. And, in order to be consistent with the assumed character, it is written in a style of ease and unlaboured elegance. It is the *Odyssey* after the *Iliad*. Intense thinking would not become the *Idler*. The first number presents a well-known portrait of an Idler, and from that character no deviation could be made. Accordingly, Johnson forgets his austere manner. He still continues his lectures upon human life; but adverts to common occurrences, and is often content with the topic of the day. Upon the whole, it is with great truth observed, that, as an essayist, his periodical papers are distinguished from those of other writers who derive celebrity from similar publications: and if he had neither the wit nor the graceful ease of Addison, nor the humour and classic suavity of Goldsmith, his powers were of a more grave, energetic, and dignified kind; and, if he entertains us less, he instructs us more.

Of Goldsmith's Essays, with which we shall commence our Publication, we deem the following extract from his life to be a sufficient recommendation. "Goldsmith," says Dr. Johnson, "was a man of such variety of powers, and such felicity of performance, that he seemed to excel in whatever he attempted: a man who had the art of being minute without tediousness, and general without confusion; whose language was capacious, without exuberance; exact, without restraint; and easy, without weakness."

Our space will not admit of entering into a particular detail of the other Works, which compose this Collection; nor is it necessary, as they are universally known, and their reputation has been so long established.



Mickle, William J.

The poetical works of William Mickle

London [ca. 1830]

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